THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Some months ago we spoke of Sir Edwin Arnold as having sold some verses to be used in advertising "Bovril" and patent medicines, and we characterised this sort of thing as the work of a literary Cheap Jack. Ever since that time we have been receiving letters of protest from admirers of Sir Edwin; and various newspapers have also taken us to task, alleging that the would-be Laureate was the victim of an unscrupulous person who deceived him as to the use which was intended to be made of the verses, etc. Now what we said was said with perfect deliberation, with a full knowledge of the circumstances, and after reading Sir Edwin's own attempt at explanation. The facts of the case are these. A well-known advertising agent came to Sir Edwin and offered to purchase the manuscript of a poem at a liberal price, asking permission to make any use of it that he might see fit. Sir Edwin demurred to this last stipulation, but finally consented, in consideration of the payment of an additional sum of money. The agent then got the poet to sign an agreement in writing which embodied this permission. Later, when the verses appeared in "Bovril" advertisements, and when the fact had been very severely criticised by the press, Sir Edwin began to bluster and to talk about the "outrage" to which he had been subjected. Finally he even put the matter into the hands of his lawyers, who were at once met by the written agreement authorising the agent to make any use of the poem that he pleased. Now we should like to know just wherein we have done him any injustice. What did he suppose the advertising agent wanted of the poem? Why did he think that he was asked to sign this special agreement? And why did he imagine that he received an extra sum for signing it? Until we get a more plausible answer to these questions than any that has yet been made, we shall continue to hold and to express our opinion that in this whole affair the author of *The Light of Asia* showed himself too little conscious of the dignity of literature.

❀

Readers of Dickens will remember the controversy which was excited after the appearance of *Bleak House* by the use which was made in that book of the theory that spontaneous combustion in the human body is possible, in employing this very extraordinary form of death to dispose of Lady Dedlock's quondam lover. We have been interested to note that the possibility of such a thing is treated at considerable length in a book that has come to us from the house of W. B. Saunders of Philadelphia. The work is entitled *Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine*, and its authors are Dr. George M. Gould and Dr. Walter L. Pyle. The volume, which is a large one and profusely illustrated, is distinctly not one for the average layman's perusal, but it contains an extraordinary number of curious facts, among them the discussion in question. We cannot go into the matter here except to note that after a very careful examination of all the alleged cases of spontaneous combustion in the human body, the authors of the book sum up their conclusion that there is no reliable evidence to support the belief. One other discussion

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in the book has to do with wolf-children, under which head a number of remarkable facts are gathered; and the authors actually refer their readers to Mr. Kipling's Jungle Books "as a legitimate source of recreation to the scientific observer."

❀

The latest volume of the Great Educators Series, edited by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, is in press and will be issued by the Scribners almost immediately. It is entitled *Thomas and Matthew Arnold and Education in England*, and is from the pen of Sir Joshua Fitch, formerly Inspector of Her Majesty's Training Schools. It is to be followed in September by a volume entitled *Horace Mann and Education in America*, the author of which is Professor B. F. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan.

❀

We are in receipt of the following letter from the author of *The Sowers:*

REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL, S. W.,
February 16, 1897.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

SIRS: I shall deem it a favour if you will allow me to protest against the singular proceeding of the American Publishers' Corporation. This corporation has, I learn from advertisements, issued a paper-cover edition of one of my earlier novels. It is to be presumed that they are within their rights in this respect, and this, of course, is a question for the English publishers of the book; but I cannot believe that the American Publishers' Corporation is justified in issuing, under the title of *Christian Dellacott, the Journalist*, a novel published in this country and elsewhere as *The Slave of the Lamp*. It is to be presumed that the title has been altered with the view of deceiving the American public into the belief that this is a new book instead of a very early attempt. I most strongly protest against this procedure, and remain, sirs,

Your obedient servant,
HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

❀

The fourth edition of Rudyard Kipling's *Seven Seas*, published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, is now in the press.

❀

The fact that even Homer occasionally nods makes it less remarkable that Mr. Laurence Hutton should not only nod, but be caught in the very act in a most amusing manner. Yet this is really what has occurred. He writes in an article, happily entitled "Two Books for Book Lovers," in the March *Book Buyer*, of George Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat*, and after quoting George Eliot's dictum that "*The Shaving of Shagpat* is a work of genius and of poetical genius," and more, he goes on to say in his own person:

"This was written when George Meredith was in his twenty-eighth year, and when he was almost entirely unknown. *The Shaving of Shagpat* was his second volume of verse (*sic*), and it antedated his first romance, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, by four or five years."

If George Eliot had not written "poetical" or if Mr. Hutton had ever read George Meredith's Oriental fiction, this need not have happened.

❀

And, by the way, Mr. Hutton at the end of the March instalment of that charming bit of autobiography, "A Boy I Knew," just completed in the *St. Nicholas*, at last discovers to daylight the whole mainspring of his mundane action. It is all due to Thackeray, and in a sense Mr. Hutton must hereafter be classed with Henry Esmond, Pendennis, and the rest. This is the way he tells the story, and there is a picture of it:

"And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head, and said: 'Whatever you are, try to be a good one.'

"And whatever The Boy is, he has tried, *for Thackeray's sake*, 'to be a good one!'"

Seldom in recorded history has a great man exerted a more powerful influence.

❀

Mr. F. N. Doubleday, who for many years has been business manager of *Scribner's Magazine* and also manager of the Scribner's subscription book department, has joined the concern of Mr. S. S. McClure. A publishing company is to be organised, and to be known as the Doubleday and McClure Company, but active work will not begin until the autumn. Mr. Doubleday has also been elected Vice-President of the S. S. McClure Company, and with Mr. A. F. Jaccaci, who for several years has been art manager of *Scribner's Magazine*, and is now the art editor of *McClure's*, will form an important accession to the group of young men who are making *McClure's Magazine* one of the most popular and readable of our periodicals.

❀

The *Sun* of this city informs an inquiring correspondent that Mr. George S. Sims is the foremost playwright of the day. Well, well!

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We have received from Mr. John Calvin Bright, of New Lebanon, O., several poems, which he offers us as payment for an advertisement which he desires to have inserted in THE BOOKMAN. We think that he is overpaying us, inasmuch as any one of these poems would be more than an equivalent for the very modest advertisement which he encloses in his letter. We print the advertisement right here so that it may receive more attention than if it appeared on the advertising pages :

THE MINISTER'S DREAM. 38 pages; 12mo. "Beautiful and impressive; instructive and interesting. Let the ladies read it." *Religious Telescope*, Dayton, Ohio.

Single copy, 10 cts.; fifteen copies, $1.00. No stamps. Address Jno. Calvin Bright, New Lebanon, Ohio.

Right here, also, for the same reason, we print the poem that we have selected as being far more than an adequate compensation for the advertisement :

THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

What noble woman reared amid the wood
Of wild America brought up her blest
And noble son so well that he well could,
Become to us, "the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the growing West?"
Arise and tell, O let the nation all,
In unison, "'Twas queenly Mary Ball!"

Who gave the greater Fabius to us,
That all the warriors of the age baptized
Him in his sober admiration thus?
Who trained the man that hath so well chastised
Those who would have our Freedom sacrificed?
Delivered us from the proud Briton's thrall?
The universal answer, MARY BALL!

The Father of His Country! Glorious Name!
Whose influence gave us our government!
The Son was worthy of the noble dame
Who gave the nation such a compliment!
Indeed, it seems, that he was heav'n sent!
Thou gavest to the West her noblest Son!
O MARY BALL! O MARY WASHINGTON!

❀

Correspondents from time to time write to ask why we do not publish a portrait of Marie Corelli, in whom even those who correctly estimate her writings feel a sort of gossipy interest. We reply that we should be very glad to do so were it not for the fact that Miss Corelli persistently refuses to allow any one to have her photograph; and she has never made any exception to this rule, though often teased by her publishers and others to change her mind. It is a wonder that some of our enterprising journals have not sent a representative armed with a kodak to haunt the purlieus of Longridge Road, Kensington, and get a snap-shot at this rhetorical young woman. For the benefit of the curious, however, we will say that Miss Corelli is short, very dark, and with a face that is neither pretty nor plain, but has a rather intense and slightly weird expression, such as one would look for in the author of *The Sorrows of Satan*. She has deep grey-blue eyes and arching brows, and is famous for her beautiful arms and hands. Her friends say that she is an accomplished pianist, an expert performer on the mandolin, and a graceful dancer.

❀

When Dr. Robertson Nicoll was in this country last autumn, he was especially interested in studying at short range the characteristics of American journalism. Some of his general observations (which were, in the main, distinctly favourable) he has since given to the English public in the form of a printed interview; but among them is not found a criticism that he frequently made in conversation, to the effect that a very striking trait of the American press is its almost invariably familiar way of speaking of public men *tout court*, saying always "Bryan," "McKinley," "Cleveland," etc., for "Mr. Bryan," "Mr. McKinley," and "Mr. Cleveland." Dr. Nicoll made the comment that in England even the most strenuous political opponent of a statesman would never think of treating him in this hypocoristic way, but would always employ the respectful prefix to the name. This is undoubtedly true, and the contrary usage does prevail in America; but we observe that, like a great many other good things, the English keep their manners largely for the benefit of their own countrymen. Here, for instance, is the *Saturday Review*, the organ of ultra-cultivated and well-bred English people, speaking of the American Secretary of State as "Dick Olney." We call Dr. Nicoll's attention to the interesting fact. But perhaps this is not to be regarded as typical, but merely indicates a certain natural irritability excited by an accomplished and courageous statesman at whom Whitehall not long ago mocked as "an amateur diplomat," but who has since that time taken the noble Marquis, who presides at Whitehall, by the

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scruff of his neck and compelled him to climb down with undignified celerity from a very high horse that he was riding.

❀

The *Dial*, in reviewing Dr. Nicoll's *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, sagely remarks :

"Dr. Nicoll's work thus far bids fair to equal in freshness, variety, and intrinsic worth of matter, his well-known *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*."

We are glad to get this fresh light upon the authorship of the last-named volume, although it involves the belief that Dr. Nicoll is a centenarian. And as to this, we must say that, from his appearance, we never should have thought it.

❀

Some of our readers will remember a charming piece of fiction that was published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company two years ago entitled *The Story of Christine Rochefort*, by Mrs. Helen Choate Prince. The same firm has a new novel by her in the press entitled *A Transatlantic Châtelaine*, which will probably be issued this spring. Other fiction to be published shortly by this firm includes *The Wisdom of Fools*, a book of five stories by Margaret Deland ; a new novel by Mrs. Burnham, and two stories in one volume by Mrs. Catherwood, one of which, "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," appeared in the *Atlantic*, and the other, "The Little Renault," was published in the *Century*.

❀

Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company will publish immediately a new novel by Clinton Ross entitled *Zuleka*, being the history of an adventure in the life of an American gentleman, with some account of the recent disturbances in Dorola, which is supposed to be situated in North Africa, and forms the background for some very exciting incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Another adventure story which is said to resemble Rider Haggard's African tales is *At the Queen's Mercy*, by Mabel Fuller Blodgett. The same firm have in the press *The Merry Maid of Arcady and Other Stories*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison ; *The Pomp of the Lavillettes*, by Gilbert Parker, and *Pictures of Russian History and Literature*, being the Lowell Lectures which were recently delivered at Cambridge by Prince Sergius Wolkonsky.

❀

Last year, when the revived Olympic Games were being celebrated in Athens, and when the newspapers were talking about this as a continuance of the splendid traditions of the race, we felt called upon to point out that the alleged Greeks of to-day are not really Greeks at all, but a hybrid combination of Slav, Turk, and sundry other ethnic strains ; and now that the same people have been making an absurd "bluff" of fighting all Europe, we think it necessary to reiterate the same bit of information. Nothing can be more ridiculous than this talk about their "emulating the heroic deeds of their ancestors ;" and there is no evidence that the modern Greeks are capable of engaging in anything more heroic than the wearing of petticoats, the selling of dried currants, and the cheating of the national creditor.

❀

The London *World* recently likened the modern novel to a gigantic octopus, which is everlastingly absorbing into its system some hitherto independent branch of literature. Not content with this, it pictures with awestruck pen this omnivorous monster stretching its tentacles over the map of the world, and threatening to revolutionise even the nomenclature of the habitable portions of the globe. Here is a specimen of the new geography :

"Soaring onward down Time's gulf, the prophetic eye welcomes the addition to the Union of the flourishing State of Marcella, familiarly abbreviated to Ma. comprising within its bounds the picturesque and prosperous towns of Elsmere and Tressady, the latter standing on the banks of the river Mississumphryward. Nor does it take a violent effort of the imagination to picture the uprising of the magnificent city of Satansville on the margin of Lake Corelli."

❀

The Century Company will publish during the month a little book whose pages have kindled in us a warm feeling of interest and sympathy for the author. It is entitled *Nature in a City Yard*, and has been written by Mr. Charles M. Skinner, a journalist who is employed on the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Mr. Skinner combines philosophic calm with the poet's freshness of feeling and fancy. Imagine Thoreau transported from his home in the woods to a densely populated city, and compelled to substitute a Brooklyn backyard for his beloved Walden Pond, and you will have some idea of the contents of this book. Nor has the author, as is

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not infrequent, simply applied the ingenious mind of a "hack" to a novel theme for the sake of its freakishness; the work has been patiently and lovingly done, and is both artistic and sincere.

❀

Mr. John Lane has just published a novel entitled *Glamour*, by Meta Orred. Meta Orred, which, by the way, is not a pen name, is the author of the once very popular song *In the Gloaming*.

❀

THE BOOKMAN desires to express its regret, and to apologise for the paragraphs appearing in the March number in reference to Mrs. Craigie. The several statements of a personal character we are now satisfied are inaccurate, the writer having been misinformed. Our informant was a person who should have known, and who certainly was convinced at the time of the accuracy of the report.

❀

An amused interest has lately been excited in scientific circles by a suit which Mr. Stephen H. Emmens, of this city, has brought against Professor R. S. Woodward, of Columbia University. It appears that Mr. Emmens published a book not long ago in which he modestly attempted to upset the Newtonian theory of gravitation and to show that Sir Isaac was a person of no real scientific standing. In some notes in this book he said: "I am prepared to be told that I am ignorant and foolish; that I have ventured into a field without a decent equipment of knowledge," etc., etc., etc. Apparently, however, he wasn't really prepared to have this told to him, for when Professor Woodward, reviewing the book in *Science*, mildly insinuated that Mr. Emmens had quite accurately diagnosed his own case, the opponent of Newton immediately brought suit for $50,000 damages, declaring that the review was "mendacious and malicious." The case will presently be tried, and the result apparently will turn upon the validity of the Newtonian theory. That Mr. Emmens should wish to submit his theory of gravitation and nice questions regarding the homogeneous sphere to the decision of the average New York jury is a thought so delicious as to give him rank among the subtlest humourists of the century; and as he himself declares that he is a greater scientist than Newton, he must be a pretty tremendous fellow from every possible point of view.

❀

Messrs. Scott, Foresman and Company, of Chicago, announce the publication in April of a work entitled *Latin Manuscripts*, by Professor Harold W. Johnston, of the University of Indiana.

❀

About the flattest thing that we have seen lately in the way of controversy is a letter published by a certain Mr. J. D. O'Connell to the Rev. R. H. McKim on the propriety of applying the term "Anglo-Saxon" to the American and English peoples. Mr. McKim, taking into account the fact that the framework of our language is Anglo-Saxon, that our legal and governmental institutions are mainly Anglo-Saxon, and that the genius of the race is thoroughly Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic, had argued that in spite of the infusion of other racial elements, it was still essentially proper to apply the term Anglo-Saxon in the traditional way. But Mr. J. D. O'Connell, who is connected with the Bureau of Statistics in the United States Treasury Department, writing quite in the spirit of Captain Shandon, says that this is "a diabolic falsehood," and he proves his case by a citation from that eminent ethnological authority, the *Chicago Tribune*, backed up by a large number of well-assorted adjectives of his own. Looking casually at Mr. O'Connell's surname, one is not surprised to find him concluding his screed with the remark that "the best ethnologists" believe the predominant strain in the English and American stock to be the Celtic.

❀

An interesting story comes to us from Boston, where they tell it with bated breath. It appears that the officials in charge of the Juvenile Department of the Boston Public Library have noticed for the past week or two an unusual demand for copies of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. This demand was so much in excess of anything they had ever known that they felt it necessary to investigate the causes of this unprecedented interest in Bunyan. Inquiry revealed the fact that the teacher of history in a well-known school had reached the colonial events of the seventeenth

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century, and had recommended to all her pupils the perusal of Bunyan's book as a part of the bibliography of the story of the Pilgrim Fathers!

❀

A great deal of speculation has been excited over the question of the authorship of a book lately published by the Scribners, and entitled *America and the Americans*, which purports to be a translation of the impressions of a Frenchman who has had large opportunities of observation, and who in this book has set forth his opinions of American society and American life. The hypothesis is freely advanced that this book is in reality the work of Mr. W. C. Brownell, and a great deal of ingenious argument has been adduced to support this theory. There are really, however, several hypotheses that might be offered. It may be actually the work of the anonymous Frenchman; or it may be the work of Mr. Brownell; or it may be the work of some other American; or it may be based upon a translation from the French, elaborated by Mr. Brownell. Looking at the question from the standpoint of internal evidence, there is at first sight quite a little reason for discrediting the French hypothesis, since the knowledge of this country seems altogether too minute and too accurate to represent the observations of a visiting Frenchman. Except for the casual mention of Jerry Simpson as "a Senator," and a blunder about the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia, we have detected none of the little slips which almost every foreigner is sure to make in writing of a life and of a people as strange as our own to the average European. The opinions set forth may also be fairly taken as those which, in general, Mr. Brownell is known to entertain. But a closer examination leads us to think that it is really a Frenchman's work, and that even if it be not, it was not written by Mr. Brownell. There is, for example, a quotation given from the Talmud, and this quotation appears *in French*. Now, this looks to us like a strong argument in favour of the view that the book is a translation; for in that case the quotation would, of course, have been given in French, and the translator, presumably not being a Semitic student and perhaps thinking that the Talmud belongs to French literature, preserved the quotation in the form in which he originally found it. That the book was not written by Mr. Brownell is made likely by what is found on page 271, where is given an analysis of the contents of eight daily newspapers, classifying the distribution of space in each. The *Evening Post* heads the list and is put down as giving in one issue one hundred and five inches of editorial matter. A foot-note on this informs us that forty-nine inches of this were devoted to discussion that was "directly personal and somewhat abusive." But from what we know of Mr. Brownell's attitude toward the *Evening Post*, it is very unlikely that he would have gone out of his way to make this comment in the foot-notes. Moreover, we detect some slips and infelicities in language which are not the sort of slips and infelicities that one expects to find in the work of so polished a writer as he.

❀

But, in a larger way, we reject altogether the Brownell hypothesis, and for this reason. If Mr. Brownell had wished to publish three hundred pages of very sharp criticism of his own countrymen, of their social usages, and of their appreciation of the proprieties and even the decencies of life, we are certain that he would have done so frankly and courageously over his own name, and would not sneak behind a fictitious personality to conceal a moral cowardice from which we know that he is wholly free.

❀

The book itself is likely to receive somewhat less notice than the question of its authorship. It contains very little that is new, but repeats the criticisms on our domestic manners that have been iterated and reiterated from the time of Mrs. Trollope to that of Paul Bourget. The facts, as isolated facts, are true; but the impression given by the whole is really misleading and distorted. The style in which the book is written is neat and crisp and epigrammatic, but beyond this there is very little to be said.

❀

An Englishman from Birmingham, who possesses the partly classical and quite delightfully incongruous name of Evacustes A. Phipson, has been writing a paper in the last number of *Dialect Notes* on "British *versus* American English." We gather from his article that he is a "spelling reformer," and that he is also somewhat given to instructing

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the universe on all other subjects ; for in the article in question he certainly takes to himself a pretty extensive field in which to scamper around. So far as his paper relates to English dialectic usage it is interesting and of some value ; but, like all Englishmen, he feels bound to tell us Americans both what we actually do and say, and also what we ought to do and say ; and in this he invites inevitable criticism. For instance, he confidently observes that Americans drop their h's in *hotel*, *heroic*, *historic*, *habitual*, *harmonious*, etc., and that we say *áccord*, *cóntrol*, *réport*, *testimóny*, *territóry*, *molasses syrup*, and *artisses* (for "artists") ; and he finds fault with us for employing *exposition* in the sense of *exhibition*, and for using the word *yawn*. Mr. E. H. Babbitt, of Columbia University, has touched him up very gently in some notes appended to the article ; though we think that Mr. Babbitt himself has fallen into error in saying that "*insurance* is the universal American word," whereas one of the very largest companies in the United States calls itself an Assurance Society. The tail-end of Mr. Phipson's article is devoted to a general dissertation on how the English language ought to be reformed. Thus, he thinks that we should say *Cathólic* and *herétic* because we say *fanátic ;* but how about *lunatic ?* He also calls *volcanic* for *vulcanic* "an inexcusable error," evidently now knowing that *Volcanus* is the correct form of the Latin word. He cannot say that he does not care for the Latin form, because he is a stickler for the restoration of Latin and Greek originals, telling us that we must say *harpyy* instead of *harpy*, *hecatogram* instead of *hectogram*, and *chiliogram* instead of *kilogram*. He also sapiently observes that we should write *Habana* for *Havannah ;* but, as a matter of fact, no American ever does write *Havannah*, and the form which we do use (*Havana*) is really nearer to the Spanish pronunciation of the word than if we spelled it with a *b*, so that this ought to commend it to an advocate of "fonetik refawrm." Incidentally we may mention that Mr. Phipson splits an infinitive on page 431. Altogether, his general homily on correct usage is platitudinous and childish, and no more to be commended than any other Brummagem wares.

❀

While we are on the subject of *Dialect Notes*, we feel called upon to criticise the word-lists which each issue of this periodical publishes on its opening pages. These lists are collections of dialectic, colloquial, and vulgar words gathered by members of the Dialect Society and published in the *Notes* as a preliminary contribution toward the Dialect Dictionary. What we object to in the lists is the inadequacy of the indication as to where each word is used. Take, for instance, in the last issue, the word "dinky," which is there given as being employed at Ithaca, N. Y., and which is illustrated by a quotation from the *Cornell Era*. The unsuspecting reader—an Englishman, for instance—would naturally assume that this is a local, presumably rustic, word that originated in Tompkins County, N. Y., and that it is restricted in its use to that locality ; whereas, as a matter of fact, it is a genuine product of the Bowery, and undoubtedly was never heard of in Ithaca, N. Y., until some of the Cornell students had cut their first copy of *Chimmie Fadden*, from whose pages they imported it into their local sheet, whence it was culled by the guileless Cornell professor who sent it down to be published in *Dialect Notes*. How little he knew about it is obvious from the fact that he did not also give the reduplicated noun "dinky-dink," used in such expressions as "I gave him the dinky-dink." To be ignorant of these facts is no discredit to the Cornell professor, but it is a discredit to the editor who revised his notes and let them go into the word-list without proper correction and expansion. We could run through the entire list given in the last number and rip it all to pieces if we had the time ; but it is not our business, as it surely is the business of the editors of that publication ; and neither the Dialect Society nor the persons in charge of its official organ will get much support for their future publications if they do their work in this amateurish and inadequate way. As a matter of fact, it takes a great deal more training and a great deal more grasp to revise a glossary of dialect and slang than to edit a Greek play or to write a philosophical dictionary, for it needs something other than a bookish man. It needs some one who has judgment, experience, a wide knowledge of local usage, and a keen linguistic sense. We commend all these observations to the

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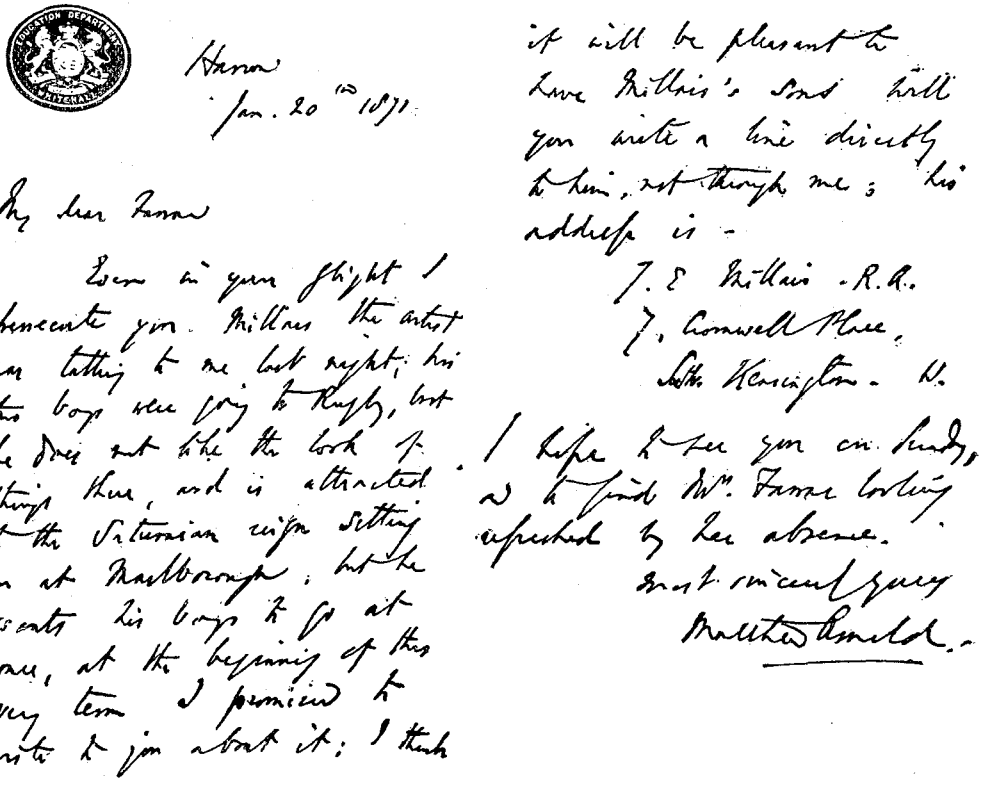

Harrow
Jan. 20th 1871

My dear Farrar

Even in your plight I prosecute you. Millais the artist was telling to me last night his two boys were going to Rugby, but he does not like the look of things there, and is attracted to the Athenian cuisine setting in at Marlborough: but he wants his boys to go at once, at the beginning of the very term. I promised to write to you about it: I think it will be pleasant to have Millais's son: will you write a line directly to him, not through me; his address is -

J. E. Millais. R.A.
7. Cromwell Place,
South Kensington. W.

I hope to see you on Sunday, & to find Mrs. Farrar looking unexpected by her absence.

Most sincerely yours
Matthew Arnold.

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD.

editors of *Dialect Notes*, and we make no charge.

❀

The most interesting portions of Dean Farrar's third paper of reminiscences now appearing in *The Temple Magazine* (to which we are indebted for the above fac-simile) relate to Matthew Arnold's experiences during his American tour in the winter of 1883–84. His first lecture, we learn, was delivered at New York, and many had paid large prices for good places; but before he had spoken long he was met by cries of "Speak up, Mr. Arnold," "We cannot hear you, Mr. Arnold," and many left the hall while he was speaking. "Next morning," Mr. Arnold told the Dean, "a professor of elocution called on me and remarked, 'This will never do. People buy tickets to come and hear, but you are very unintelligible; let me give you a lesson.' I gratefully accepted the kind offer, and we went to the hall before the delivery of the second lecture. The professor gave me some excellent hints, and I was much better heard at the subsequent lectures. At the hall I saw a sort of music-stand which was just the right height for me, and as the sight of one of my eyes is stronger than the other, I used to place it at my right, read a sentence, and then raise my head as I delivered it. Next morning there appeared in a New York paper a criticism in which was the remark, 'As for Mr. Arnold's manner, it reminds us of an elderly parrot pecking at a trellis.'" These and all similar criticisms, however frank, Mr. Arnold took with absolutely imperturbable good humour. He used to travel in company with Mrs. Arnold, his two daughters, and the agent, whom he elegantly called his "Impresario." They usually had railway passes given to them, and on several occasions when presenting these to the conductor, he remarked, in a condescending tone, "Oh, the Arnold *troupe*, I suppose!"—"just as if we were a travelling circus," said Mr. Arnold, with a hearty laugh.

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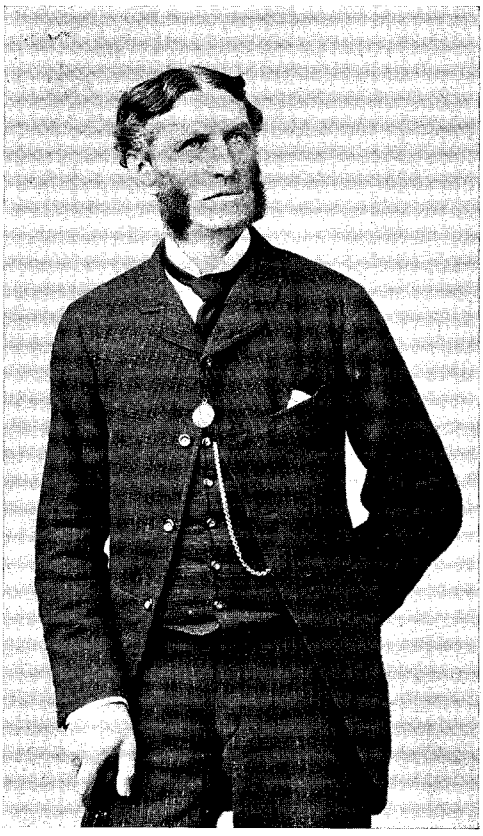
The morning after Matthew Arnold arrived in Chicago there was an article in one of the newspapers beginning, "We have seen him; he is an elderly gentleman who parts his hair in the middle, with supercilious manners and ill-fitting clothes." He also told Dean Farrar, with much relish, the story of a trick played by a New York paper on a Chicago paper, which, it was said, sometimes copied without acknowledgment its foreign telegrams. The New York paper inserted a clever letter purporting to have been written by Mr. Arnold, and commenting not quite favourably on the city of Chicago. It began: "At Chicago my host was *an artist in desiccated pork!*" The Chicago papers rashly accepted the letter as genuine, and exploded into vehement vituperation, which was perhaps excusable, for they had received Mr. Arnold with unusual warmth and hospitality. As soon as Mr. Arnold heard of it he telegraphed to Chicago saying that the letter was a forgery from beginning to end. It was then, however, too late to unsay the disagreeable remarks which they had heaped on the unoffending head of their distinguished guest, and when Dean Farrar visited Chicago in the following year he found a certain soreness still remaining, which made Matthew Arnold less popular there than he was in many of the American cities.

❀

Some six years ago Professor Brander Matthews published in the *New Review* of London what he called "Ten Good Rules for Reviewers." Last month Mr. I. Zangwill published in the *Chap Book* of Chicago what he calls "Twenty Counsels of Perfection for the Guidance of Old Reviewers." A comparison of the two productions compels the inference that Mr. Zangwill is a careful reader of what Mr. Matthews writes. We wonder whether he has ever read that gentleman's excellent essay on "The Ethics of Plagiarism"?

❀

Mr. Edward Arnold has just published a new and important work on African exploration, entitled *Through Unknown African Countries*, being the first expedition from Somaliland to Lake Rudolf and Lamu, by Dr. A. Donaldson Smith. It is illustrated with about thirty full-page plates, drawn from the author's sketches and photographs, by Charles Whimper, A. D. McCormick, and others, together with a large number of illustrations in the text. There are also five original maps of the countries traversed, prepared from the author's survey by the Royal Geographical Society of England. Perhaps we could not do better than to quote from an address which the Hon. T. F. Bayard, the United States Ambassador in London, made after Dr. Smith's return from Africa, when he was entertained by the Royal Geographical Society:



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From a photograph taken during his visit in 1883–84 by Sarony.

"It has been an honest, brave, modest endeavour to let all the world know something of distant regions of which nothing seems to have been known before. In such a struggle and for such an end, I am rejoiced to find my countryman, an American, a pioneer and expositor. The story told in this simple adventure is eloquent beyond words, when we think of this little handful of men of our race, starting into the unknown continent, and marching bravely under the banner of intellect, cultiva-

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THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

From a painting after an original miniature.

tion, and education into regions where these qualities had no place, and yet by virtue thereof feeling their mastery, not for gain of conquest, but for the purpose of unfolding a knowledge of the world in which we live."

❀

In view of the revived interest in Byronic reminiscence, we give two portraits that will be new to many of our readers. One is that of Lady Caroline Lamb, afterward Lady Melbourne, whose infatuation for Byron was the talk of London at the time of his first meteor-like appearance, but who afterward, because of her chagrin at the *spretæ iniuria formæ*, abused him like a pickpocket until his death; yet who fainted away one morning when, looking casually out of her window, she saw a funeral procession passing and learned that it was Byron's. The other portrait is that of the Countess Guiccioli, whose connection with the poet's later life is too well known to call for any comment, and with whose published reminiscences of him most persons are familiar.

❀

For the last thirty years or more Byron's popularity has been waning. His title to rank among the greatest poets of the century remains still unassailed, but he is respectfully neglected. Our young men rarely read him, nor yet our young women, and they seldom quote him. In his charming and luminous "confessions" Mr. Lang owns that though he has tried his best he cannot like Byron. Why does he fail to please nowadays? One reason is obvious. He is at once perfectly "modern" and shockingly "old-fashioned." Now Scott is neither. Sir Walter's poems betray no date at all save that of their subject. They are broad-based on foundations almost indestructible in their humanity and patriotic love of the soil. They are made to wear, and will remain evergreen when far more ambitious poetry has faded. Shelley is quite modern. His very revolts have ripened into steady movements, nor is he at all old-fashioned, because though a child of his age he is vaguely comprehensive and far-reaching enough to overlap the sympathies of at least two generations. Byron is too definite and concrete. To us he seems essentially a modern. He and his set are almost men of yesterday. There is no old school savour, no charm of quaint aloofness to grace their memories. Byron, after all, is only one of us. Strangling in our starch we can rally him familiarly on his limp collars, but Goldsmith's ruffles are sacred—they belong to another world.

❀

And yet Byron seems old-fashioned—that is, because he was once fashionable. There was always too much of fashion about his work, and it has had to undergo the sentence of two generations of popular disapproval. Lord Byron created a new part in poetry and sentiment; being an amateur he rather

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overacted it, and being a lord, he set the fashion for it. The poetical attitude that has been called "Byronic" was not really a ridiculous or false one, but rather a very manly, impressive, and dignified one. Byron worked out and dramatised with singular force one phase of humanity, one consecutive chain of sentiment. His scowling, despairing, misunderstood, Satanic, and yet fascinating and amorous heroes are not universal types, but they are men, and men who fit into poetry. And Byron must have believed in them and in himself—must have been more or less sincere. No doubt the whole thing is exaggerated. All revolts are; and Byronism was a perfectly healthy insurrection against the dull, flat, debased respectability which was then mastering English society.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

From an original miniature.

❀

But Byronism will soon be forgotten, and then Byron will resume his place. We shall condone his eccentricities as we do Shakespeare's, and see nothing to sneer at in them, but much to admire. His poetry we shall all have to read, because it is so strong and sound and satisfying; and, who knows, some fine day the doctors and man-milliners may combine to make us adopt his ridiculous, utterly impossible collars, which, after all, if we only thought about it (which, of course, we never do) are like his poetry, perfectly sensible, perfectly hygienic, and by no means unbecoming. In one respect Byron clung to the old traditions and belonged to the old world. He made the most of the old vocabulary, but attempted no innovations in epithets or constructions. His diction, especially his epithets, seems rather conventional to us whose taste has been influenced by the rich and felicitous word-painting of Tennyson and his rivals. But, after all, there is perhaps more true poetry in some of those superb descriptions in *Childe Harold* and which Byron has wrought with his less elaborated materials, than in the subtle tones and tints of *The Princess*. As to the charge which strict moralists bring against him, with some show of reason, that he is an "improper" poet, that does not help him; because the readers who like impropriety have been so well pandered to since his day, that they now reject him as comparatively puritanical. Let us never forget, too, that Byron, like his quasi-rival Scott (their names should always be associated), wrote as an amateur, wrote too much, and wrote too rapidly. Thus they both lost sadly in poise and finish, graces by which we now set great store; but they gained vastly in qualities which we value less highly—in force, in individuality, and in picturesqueness.

❀

We welcome the publication of Lowell's *Complete Poetical Works* in the Cam-

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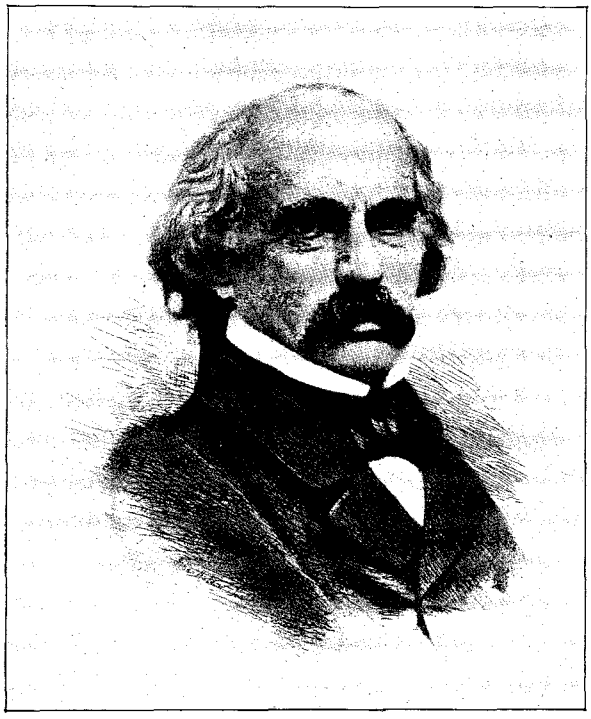

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

bridge edition, and Mrs. Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne*, as we should the rock in the desert that arrests the drifting sand and affords the weary traveller the cool shelter and refreshment of the oasis. For there is a power in these names that recalls us from the books of the hour, and which invests literature with dignity and repose in our minds, and stimulates us in these "better moments" to retrenchment and revaluation in the books we read. Of the poets whose works have been gathered into one volume in the Cambridge edition—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Browning—that of Lowell now before us is the most nearly perfect and finished in its get-up; it is really a superb piece of bookmaking. The editorial treatment is similar to that displayed in the preceding volumes, which is all that need be said of its thorough quality and the variety of its features. The portraits here given of Hawthorne and Lowell are taken by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company from the frontispieces of these two volumes. That of Hawthorne has been reproduced from a daguerrotype, and is now published for the first time.

Some of the chapters of Mrs. Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne* appeared originally in the *Atlantic*, and the book was expected to have been published last autumn, but was withheld for further revision and expansion. As the daughter says in her preface, the volume is really written by her mother, Sophia Hawthorne, whose letters compose the bulk of the book; but the thread of comment, the work of amplifying current events and interlacing other correspondence, and so gathering up the whole into a beautiful and sympathetic picture of Hawthorne's relations in his home and to his wife and family, have been accomplished with marked skill and execution. The letters of Sophia Hawthorne reveal her gifted husband as a man sweet and human, sensitive and proud, but not morbid and melancholy, as we are too apt to think. Commenting on a paper which called him "Mr. Noble Melancholy," in a letter to her mother, we read:

"He is pensive, perhaps, as all contemplative persons must be; especially when, as in him, 'a great heart is the household fire of a grand intellect' (to quote his own words), because he sees and sympathises with all human suffering. He has always seemed to me, in his remote moods, like a stray seraph, who had experienced in his own life no evil, but by the intention of a divine intellect saw and sorrowed over all evil."

Upon the occasion, in 1849, of his being ousted from office at Salem by a temporary injustice, she writes:

"I have not seen my husband happier than since this turning out. He has felt in chains for a long time, and being a MAN, he is not alarmed at being set upon his own feet again—or on his *head*, I might say—for that contains the available gold of a mine scarcely yet worked at all. As Margaret [Fuller] truly said once, 'We have had but a drop or so from that ocean.'"

A characteristic trait is again touched in these words:

"After dinner to-day Mr. Hawthorne went to the village, and brought back *The Salem Gazette*. Some one had the impudence to speak of him in it as 'gentle Nat Hawthorne.' I cannot conceive who could be so bold and so familiar. Gentle he surely is, but such an epithet does not comprehend him, and it gives a false idea."

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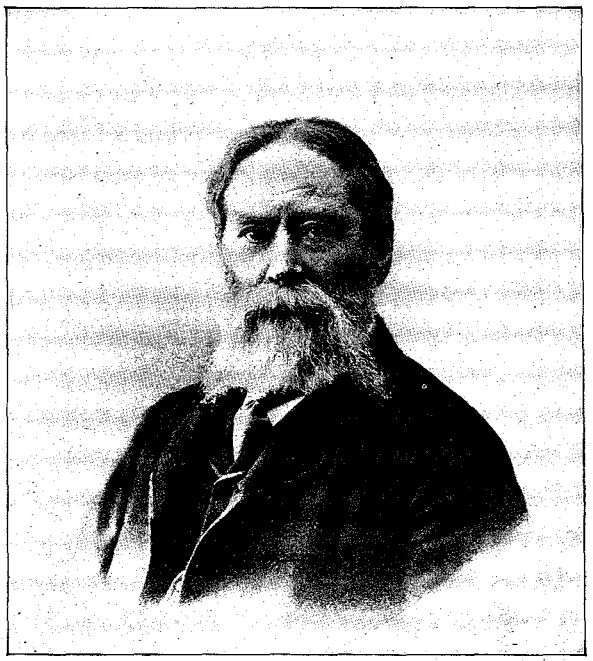
We owe it to Mrs. Lathrop that in this book she has developed that side of her father's life in which we see him playful and tender to his children, loyal and affectionate to his friends, and faithful and fond to the wife who shared his poverty resolutely at a critical time, a time that made them "rich in mutual love and high thinking."



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

❀

It seems strange in these days of handsome editions of standard authors that the man who was the father of poetry in our country should be without a highly respectable representative edition of his poetical works which would do honour to his memory. By this we mean that there is no such recent modern edition of his work as we find in the fine editions of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, and Holmes, which emanate from the Riverside Press. Surely it is befitting the work of William Cullen Bryant that it should be enshrined in a form that would best testify our appreciation and esteem for it. Bryant may not be much read nowadays, but at least he is one of our makers in literature, and some of his poems besides his *Thanatopsis* will long remain with us as permanent and precious possessions of the mind. Much material lies about still uncollected, which in the hands of an able bibliographer and editor would prove valuable and interesting if applied to this end. We hope very soon to hear that this is being done.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day are preparing a special Easter edition of Father Tabb's *Lyrics* and *Poems* in white and gold binding. A book of poems by Mrs. Spofford, called *Titian's Garden and Others*, will also be published at Easter by the same firm.

❀

The first few numbers of *The Month* have led us to form quite a favourable opinion of this new magazine. It is neatly printed, its contents are well selected, and it contains the cream of everything that appears in the *Critic*, of which it is the monthly edition. The question that puzzles us in contemplating it is a business question. Why should any one pay three dollars a year for the *Critic* when they can get practically the same reading in *The Month* for the subscription price of one dollar? And if this thought should ultimately penetrate the mind of the reading world, what would become of the *Critic?*

❀

And now Queen Victoria, whom we supposed to be too kind-hearted to harm a fly, has signalised the beginning of the year of her Diamond Jubilee by splitting a harmless infinitive! She announces that she "hopes, as far as her powers will permit, to in some degree take part in the commemorative proceedings in London." The promulgation of this sentence will probably stimulate the activity of those persons who are said to be urging the propriety of her abdication.

❀

Lovers of classical study, and especially persons interested in iconography, will read with interest an announcement lately made by M. Gaston Boissier relating to the discovery at a military encampment in Tunis of a mosaic repre-

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VERGIL COMPOSING THE ÆNEID. (ROMAN MOSAIC FROM TUNIS.)

senting Vergil composing the *Æneid*. This mosaic is about a yard square, and shows the poet clothed in a white toga bordered in blue, and with buskins on his feet. He is seated, and holds upon his knees a scroll partly open. On one side stands Clio, and on the other Melpomene, to whom the poet is evidently listening with fixed eyes, and a look upon his face as of one inspired. This discovery gives us in all probability an authentic portrait of Vergil, and it may be dated as early as the latter part of the first century of the Christian era.

❀

Prior to this discovery the most ancient portrait of Vergil was that contained in the Codex Vaticanus, and not earlier than the fourth century. It is interesting to note that this Vatican miniature presents the same face as that in the African mosaic, and the two may therefore be regarded as giving us a trustworthy portrait of the great Roman epic writer. The description of his appearance given by Donatus is also fully consistent with the two likenesses just mentioned. The face is that of a dark beardless man, with short hair, irregular features, and a prominent chin. This is a very different face from the one given by the ideal portraits which picture him always as a young man with regular features and abundant hair fastened by a band and falling in ringlets upon his shoulders. The original likeness from which the mosaic was made is of course unknown, but it was probably found in some well-known picture, perhaps in one of the vignettes which, as Martial tells us, adorned in his time the first page of the manuscript editions of the Vergilian poems.

❀

Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, in his stage version of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, recently produced with success at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has made one of the strongest dramas in point of action, characterisation, and literary quality seen in this country for many years. From the book he has drawn all of the telling episodes, and he has so condensed them that they move swiftly and logically through four stirring climaxes to the touching *dénouement* at the close of the fourth act, which is given in two scenes. He has also added considerable material of his own, sympathetically modelled upon Hardy's work, and so faithful to the truth that it blends with perfect harmony into the picture. As an example of transference from one form of art to another it is a model; as a drama, judged on its own merits, it is a fine achievement.

❀

It seems ungrateful to pick flaws in Mr. Stoddard's play; yet if the characters were not, on the whole, drawn with remarkable clearness we should perhaps be less offended by the uncertainty in the presentation of the important figure of Marian, admirably played, by the way; we wanted to go back and puzzle out the motives of her contradictory actions, and an effect of this sort is, of course,

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disastrous in the drama, where the spectator should be kept pressing forward. In the third act, too, where Marian sustains a perfectly intelligent part in the dialogue, why should she be introduced reeling drunk? There is a false note, too, in this act when Tess, at the end of her resources, and benumbed by the fictitious news that Angel Clare is dead, seizes Liza Lu, just returned from making application for a position in her behalf, exclaiming, "The place! The place!" How much better it would be if the girl were allowed to run in and babble out in child fashion the miserable news. Then, too, how much simpler and more natural would be the episode of Tess's yielding to despair and to Alec D'Urberville, if instead of fainting and allowing the curtain to hide her prostrate figure, she were left standing on the scene, the helpless victim of destiny. The same animating desire to produce an effect is shown at the close of the piece, in the fine scene at Stonehenge, where Tess, overcome by fatigue from her flight after her murder of Alec D'Urberville, lies down to rest and is overtaken by her pursuers. As they enter, Angel Clare turns, and, raising his hand, says softly, "Let her sleep." The situation is infinitely tender, and the curtain should fall here; instead, however, Tess wakes, sits up, and, finding herself caught, makes a wholly foolish and rapturous reference to the rising of the sun. Yet, in spite of this artificial close, a strong impression is made, and the general feeling is that we have in the play one of the most heart-breaking of life's tragedies honestly and finely expressed in a work of art. For this effect credit belongs to the actors as well as to the dramatist; yet even the excellence of the acting is due in large part to the dramatist, for he gives them opportunities to be natural. The performances of Ibsen have shown us what a deal of bad acting the bad dramatist is responsible for, since representations of Ibsen's plays are always good because the dialogue is so natural that even mediocre actors are shamed out of their artificiality. So it is not surprising that all of the actors in Mr. Stoddard's work play well, and that Mrs. Minnie Maddern-Fiske finds in the part of Tess a means of forcing a recognition of her genius even from those who, in spite of her remarkable performances here in previous years, have been inclined to be sceptical. Mrs. Fiske, small, keen-faced, long-headed, is not for one moment the Tess of Hardy's novel; but the Tess that she does present is none the less an extraordinarily strong and vivid impersonation.

MINNIE MADDERN-FISKE AS "TESS."
From a photograph by Sarony.

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LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

II.—Georg Brandes

Georg Brandes.

The growth of the cosmopolitan spirit in criticism is one of the best signs of the times. We need a comparative study of the chief literary forms that we may distinguish their accidents from their essential characteristics; we need now and then to put ourselves in the position of the intelligent foreign observer, that we may understand our own limitations and rise above the provincial plane. The critic can do certain services to his own literature that no foreigner can do in his place, but there are other services for which the foreigner is the better fitted. The very fact that one is born to the manner of a given literature operates to weaken his objective grasp of its more salient features; his treatment often loses in breadth what it gains in intimacy. Given the intellectual sympathy and the analytical faculty, without which serious criticism is impossible, the best critic is the one whose range is the widest.

It is a daring thing to take all literature—even all modern literature—for one's province; and this, of course, no one can do in the exact sense of the term. A few men, however, have gone far toward the realisation of this comprehensive ideal, and among them the Danish Jew, Georg Brandes, occupies a conspicuous place. The three culture-literatures of modern Europe are his field, to which he has annexed, by right of birth, the literatures of the Scandinavian North, besides making frequent excursions into outlying territories. For just thirty years now he has been before the public, and his reputation has grown to such dimensions that he is to-day the most prominent man of letters in his native Denmark—a fact that means more than is likely to be imagined by those who have not followed rather closely the extraordinary intellectual activity of that wide-awake little kingdom.

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On the Continent his work has been familiarly known for many years, owing to his years of residence in Berlin and in Paris, and also to the fact that he writes in German and French almost as idiomatically as in his own Danish. To English readers, on the other hand, he is hardly more than a name, for works of criticism are about the last to get translated into our speech, so hospitable to foreign books of other sorts from third-rate novels to tomes of erudition. Since Sainte-Beuve himself has never been put into English, except for a handful of selected essays, it is hardly surprising that Brandes should still await a translator. The only English translations with which I am acquainted are the volume made up by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson from several of the miscellaneous collections, and entitled *Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century*, together with the brilliant monograph upon the Earl of Beaconsfield. The latest work of Brandes, an extended study of Shakespeare, is promised for early publication in an English translation.

The list of his works includes upward of half a dozen volumes of miscellaneous essays and *impressions de voyage*, besides the separate monographs devoted respectively to Holberg, Tegnér, Kierkegaard, Lord Beaconsfield, and the socialist Lassalle. In addition to these books, of course, there is the monumental work entitled *Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century*. This work, upon which the critical reputation of the author chiefly rests, is the outcome of a series of lectures begun in 1871 and extending over a period of about ten years. It fills six volumes, and the story which it tells has, as the author suggests, something of the sweep and the symmetry of a great drama. The six volumes of the work are the six acts of the play, and receive incisive characterisation in an introductory chapter. The first of the literary groups to be discussed is that which includes Chateaubriand, Senancour, and Madame de Staël—a group inspired partly by Rousseau, and partly by the vivifying influences of the emigration. To the study of this *Emigrant Literature* succeeds a study of *The Romantic School in Germany*, with its reactionary and catholicising tendencies. Then comes *The Reaction in France*, typified by Joseph le Maistre, Lamennais, and the young Hugo. The scene is now, midway in the play, transferred to another country, and Byron is the hero of *Naturalism in England*. The author says :

"This one man reverses the action of the great drama. The Greek war of liberation breaks out, a current of fresh air sweeps over Europe, Byron falls as a hero of the Greek cause, and his heroic death makes a deep impression upon all the writers of the Continent."

The fifth volume has for its subject *The Romantic School in France*, and the liberal movement to which the July Revolution gave so powerful an impulse. Finally, the drama is worked out to as definite a close as any such drama can have in the volume entitled *Young Germany*, which shows us the effect of the liberal impulse upon Heine, Börne, Auerbach, and their associates.

It is evident from this outline that Brandes set himself a task calling for powers of a very high order. Something more than literary history and a body of æsthetic principles was needed for so large an exposition. The work called for philosophical grasp, an unerring instinct for what is typical in the intellectual development of a nation or a period, a resolute assumption of the cosmopolitan standpoint, and a frank acceptance of the conclusions of modern thought. Looking back upon the work as a whole, it may fairly be said that the requirements are met, and that the ambition of the plan is justified by the result. The ideas of the author may not always be our ideas, and his sense of relative values may differ widely from our own, but it is impossible to withhold the tribute of our admiration from a work so acute in its details, so illuminating in its general treatment, and so sincere from first to last. A fine passage from *The Romantic School in Germany* may be taken to illustrate the spirit of the entire work :

"It follows, from my conception of the relation of literature to life, that the history of literature I teach is not a history of literature for the drawing-room. I seize hold of actual life with all the strength I may, and show how the feelings that find their expression in literature spring up in the human heart. Now, the human heart is no stagnant pool or idyllic woodland lake. It is an ocean with submarine vegetation and frightful inhabitants. The literary history and the poetry of the drawing-room see in the life of man a salon, a decorated ball-room, the men and the furnishings polished alike, in which no dark corners escape illumination. Let

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him who will look at matters from this point of view, but it is no affair of mine."

"To bring literature back to life" is, then, the essential formula of our critic; a formula, be it observed, which has some points of contact with Arnold's "criticism of life" theory and with Taine's doctrine of the three influences that shape literature in all times and places, but which embodies a broader and deeper conception of what literature really is.

This new gospel of criticism was proclaimed by Brandes in so defiant a way that no little antagonism was aroused in the conservative Scandinavian camps. For the critic was not content with the quiet assertion of what he believed to be the principles of sound literary judgment, but felt constrained to add a good many things that could not fail to have an irritating effect. There was not only the implication that Denmark had never before produced any criticism worth mentioning, but also the very explicit statement that Danish literature and thought were still in the stage of the reaction—a stage outgrown by the rest of Europe for half a century. While a current of fresh ideas was sweeping over the greater part of the European world, the Scandinavian waters showed nothing but whirling eddies or stagnant pools. Henrik Jaeger has well expressed the smug self-satisfaction of the people to whom Brandes appealed in Denmark as Björnsen and Ibsen were appealing in Norway. He says:

"At the same time we read of diverging currents of thought in the world outside, and learned that some of the worst of them were flowing in our direction. But here, fortunately, they would gain no currency; there was peace here and no danger, for our little society was based, thank God, upon safer moral foundations than the great societies abroad. These great societies were generally regarded as falling into hopeless decay; ours, on the contrary, was still in sound condition, and it behooved us to preserve it thus by firmly intrenching ourselves and establishing a sort of spiritual quarantine for all modern ideas."

A society thus sunk in the contemplation of its own virtues needed arousing; and Brandes felt himself called upon to raise his voice in behalf of the enlightenment typified by such men as Comte, Renan, Taine, Mill, and Spencer. So alert was he to detect the note of emancipated thought, wherever sounded, that he discovered our own Theodore Parker, and proclaimed him to a public that had never heard the name. He did not mince matters at all. Replying to his foes of the old orthodox school by means of an interesting polemical pamphlet called *Explanation and Defence* (*Forklaring og Forsvar*), he used such language as this:

"The generation to which you speak is a generation that has studied Feuerbach through and through; that has seen comparative mythology come into existence; that has taken part in the first great campaigns of religious and historical criticism, and been a witness of their triumphs. We have learned our Renan, while you have hardly got so far that you can spell his name. You must speak to us in a different language from that which you addressed to the generation that looked up to you in 1848; we no longer understand you any more than you understand us."

This cocksureness of accent, coupled with the fact that the speaker was a young man scarcely out of the twenties, was naturally irritating to those who were thus rudely called to account, and Brandes was violently attacked from many quarters. Some of his enemies were simply scurrilous, like the one who delicately alluded to the critic's race by calling him "a dealer in old French clothes." Others were more serious, and raised the usual cries of "atheist" and "free thinker." He had replies for all these attacks except the purely personal calumnies, and those who made them probably had reason to regret their rashness. As an example of the neatness and despatch with which he settled the pettier criticisms made upon his work, the following instance is typical. A certain figure of speech employed by Brandes had been scornfully dismissed as a "farmer's metaphor," the critic adding that a Frenchman would never have used it. Brandes replied that the metaphor in question might be found in the "not wholly unknown" writer Aristophanes, and that it had just been used again in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by a very distinguished French writer. As for the charge of atheism, Brandes met it much in the spirit of Victor Hugo's well-known reply to the ecclesiastic who had brought a similar charge against the poet.

"The whole question is, they say, whether one accepts a Theos or not. This is an absolutely false position. The real question is: Do you accept a revelation—that is, an external, historical, positive revelation of the highest truth? In a word, do you accept this highest truth as *given*, or do you believe that it must

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be *sought after*, and that with the most strenuous endeavour of man's highest faculties, without regard for any so-called historical revelation? In the first case you are orthodox; in the second you are a free thinker, whether your thought lead you to theism, or to pantheism, or to atheism."

Without some such statement as has above been made concerning the attitude of Brandes toward the larger issues of human thought, it would be impossible to understand his position as a critic. He has often shown himself a master of literary criticism in the narrower sense—in the sense in which it means a minute examination of the verbal texture of a piece of literature and the application of purely æsthetic tests—but his heart is not, nor ever was, in such work. He becomes his real self when the nature of his task permits the application of general ideas and philosophical principles, when he finds himself on the trail of some intellectual tendency in a people or an age, when the study of literature reveals to him the deep springs of human thought and action. The controversies of his early manhood have left their mark upon all of his work, although later years have given it more of urbanity and less of strenuousness, have softened its irony and relieved its oppressive earnestness. But if the fiery aggressiveness of his youth has given place to the better temper of maturity, he still gives evidence of what Boyesen called "a deep sympathy with the law-breaker whose Titanic soul refuses to be bound by the obligations of morality which limit the freedom of ordinary mortals." The same revolutionary sympathies which led him, many years ago, to an exaggerated estimate of Byron now lead him to an overvaluation of Nietzsche. His admiration for the strong man carries him into ethical vagaries not unlike those that have done so much to impair the influence of Carlyle. He still considers literature, as he did a quarter century ago, to be something that "brings problems up for debate." One of his early critics asked him if he really believed that the fact that Byron had brought religion up for debate had any significance in determining his rank as a poet. His reply was:

"I not only believe it, but I have indicated in the introduction to my work just why this fact has not merely great but decisive significance for Byron as a poet and for all the literature of this century."

Brandes would in all probability today give a similar answer to a similar question. Of course this is a one-sided view of literary criticism, for it carries the reaction against the æsthetic method too far. But it is the view that Brandes, by his very temperament, is forced to take, and it supplies a valuable corrective for the sort of chatter that too often usurps the name of criticism.

That the work of Brandes, taken as a whole, has been a contribution of great value to contemporary criticism can hardly be denied even by those the least in sympathy with his ideals. It more than makes up in light what it lacks in sweetness, and it has the stimulating quality that comes from freshness of thought and unconventionality of utterance. Here, says the reader who first makes his acquaintance, here is a man with an individual standpoint, who knows what he wants to say, and how to say it most directly and forcibly; a man, moreover, who has kept in touch with the chief spiritual movements of the age—with those "main currents" of thought the sweep of which he has so clearly marked out—who has been swayed by the *Zeitgeist*, yet who has a body of very positive opinions of his own. Those opinions are set forth in a strong and nervous prose that cares little for the subtler refinements of expression, but is fully adequate to the demands that the thought makes upon it. "The truly artistic style," he says in one of his essays, "is not that formal grace which spreads uniformly over everything." We shall find in his own style neither the superficial brilliancy of a Jules Lemaître nor the over-elaboration of a Walter Pater, but rather the garment of a thought too serious to care for external rhetorical adornment, and too eager in the pursuit of fundamental truth to waste its energies upon the niceties of verbal modulation and harmonious phrasing.

William Morton Payne.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.*

With his retirement from the supreme executive office a few weeks ago, Mr. Cleveland's public life may be regarded as definitely ended. Our traditional and quite indefensible system, which gives no official rank to an ex-President, and therefore deprives the nation of the exceptional experience and the exceptionally impartial counsel of him who has passed through the great ordeal of administering the mightiest popular government known to the modern world, imposes upon Mr. Cleveland, as upon his predecessors, the dignified yet unfruitful obscurity of private station; for with scarcely an exception, our American Presidents have felt that they owed it to the majesty of the office that was once their own, to listen to no ordinary call of public service, and to hold aloof from all the din and uproar of party strife. In consequence, Mr. Cleveland already belongs to history; and even now the attempt is being made to assign to him and to his administration their proper place in the annals of the American Republic.

That such an attempt is absurdly premature is so obvious as to need no argument. With the passion of partisanship still strong in the minds alike of those who fought against him and of those who battled with him, the sense of true historical perspective cannot possibly exist to-day; and with the echoes of a great political battle still reverberating in the ear, no one can hear as yet the calm, clear voice that ultimately stills all others as it pronounces the final verdict in a nation's history.

But though it is too soon to weigh the policies and to judge the measures that are now inseparably linked with the story of Mr. Cleveland's public life, or to pretend to know how beneficial or how harmful is to be their influence upon the political welfare of the American people, it is, nevertheless, perhaps by no means an impossible task for one outside the range of purely partisan activity to form some sort of tentative opinion of the man himself as an administrator and as a party leader; for, putting aside the merits of the ends that he has aimed to reach, the manner in which he has pursued them is wholly a matter of recorded fact and in no respect a matter of opinion; and it surely may even now be viewed with reasonable impartiality as a very interesting political and personal study.

For some cause or other, Americans have always found a peculiar pleasure in dwelling upon the striking contrasts that are so abundant in the lives of their public men. To recall in the presence of a stately Senator the fact that he was once a bobbin-boy; to see in the victorious general a whilom tanner or grocer's clerk; and to look back of the President seated in the simple chair that serves him as a very real throne from which to direct the destinies of seventy millions of people, and remember the rail-splitter or canal-boatman of twenty or thirty years ago, seems to titillate agreeably a certain almost universal instinct. Perhaps this feeling is a part of the national irreverence; or perhaps it is only a manifestation of the national sense of humour which finds an especial piquancy in vivid contrasts; or perhaps again, at bottom, it rests in some subtle way upon an intensely American admiration for the nerve, the capacity, and the "gumption" that enable some men to fight their way up from obscurity against tremendous odds and to wrest a brilliant success from the reluctant hand of Destiny. However this may be, the career of Mr. Cleveland is perhaps more full of startling contrasts, of striking anomalies, and of unexpected paradoxes, than can be found in the history of any other of our Presidents. No American in public life has ever experienced more rapid and astonishing turns of fortune; no man has raised and faced and fought so many deep rooted political and personal prejudices; no man has broken through so many thoroughly established political traditions.

Of all our American Presidents there are four who stand out conspicuously above the rest as representing four distinct types, each very characteristic and very national, and each differing essen-

* Grover Cleveland. By James Lowry Whittle. With two portraits. Public Men of To-day Series. New York and London: Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.

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tially from the other three. In Washington we see the highest type of the colonial American, developed wholly under the influence of English traditions. Washington is, in fact, in his tone and temper, his point of view and his ideals, the representative upon American soil of the English gentleman and statesman, though with a difference that makes him *au fond* entirely American; and his immediate successors in the presidency did not very far depart from the standards that were his. Even Jefferson, with all his radicalism, must be grouped in the same class; for, as is the case with most Americans, his radicalism, startling as it seemed to the Federalists of his time, was only superficial; and when one thinks of him as strolling through the stately halls of Monticello, a landed proprietor, his cellars stored with rare old wines, his library filled with the choicest books, patronising the arts and sciences, and having his wants supplied by a retinue of slaves, he is readily seen to have been the true patrician whose democracy was in large part an intellectual assumption, just as the political theories of the great Whig dukes in England is found, upon analysis, to differ in no fundamental point from the conservatism of the Tory magnates. Jackson was the first New Man to arise in our government's history; and he represents the rough frontiersman, the fighter, the man who faced both nature and the savage in a successful battle for the mastery of the West. His election marks an epoch in our history, a break in the traditions that bound us closely to English influence; and he is the first of the American Presidents to stand firmly and almost fiercely upon the rock of national individuality. Lincoln, again, is still another type—the type of the Western provincial, a later growth than the frontiersman, with some of the frontiersman's traits, but more subtle, more open to new influences, more closely in touch with the resources of an older civilisation, much more a man of thought and somewhat less a man of action.

Mr. Cleveland, when he first became known to the nation at the time of his candidacy for the governorship of New York in 1882, typified a fourth and a still different kind of personality. In him was seen the modern American who lives in cities and represents a stratum of the population that is every year becoming more and more numerous with the increase of the urban element. He was a type of the practical, every-day, usual citizen of moderate means and no very marked ambitions, a blend of the business man and the small professional person, one who knocks about with his fellows in a give-and-take sort of way, blunt, hard-headed, having a good digestion, and a brusque, unimaginative readiness to take a hand in whatever is going on. His education was of the simplest, his general information and reading presumably of the scantiest; and his interest in life was pretty nearly bounded by the limits of the city of Buffalo. As a practising lawyer he appeared in the local courts and cheerfully looked after the grievances of dispossessed tenants, the collection of petty debts, and any other small business that drifted to his hands. A bachelor, he had no need of a large income; his spare time was spent with cronies of his own kind; his recreation was derived largely from the intricacies of the game of pinochle played in the comfortable back room of a beer-garden; and perhaps this circumstance is in itself enough to give a fair idea of his general environment. When the eventful Convention was held that nominated him for the governorship, Mr. Cleveland took charge of his own canvass in person, sitting all through the sultry summer day in a small bedroom of his hotel, with a tub of cracked ice and innumerable bottles beside him, conferring with his cronies, receiving visits from country delegates, and by a sort of professional joviality bidding for the favour of that interesting class of politicians whom his chief advocate in recent years has generically described as Boys.

Elected Governor by an unprecedented majority owing to bitter dissensions in the opposing party, Mr. Cleveland entered upon a wider field and one that must have seemed at first a post of limitless exactions. But his lack of imagination stood him in good stead. He bent his back to the load and did each day's work as it came. Unused to large responsibilities, unable as yet to discriminate between the duties that are executive and the duties that are purely clerical, and retaining all the fussiness of the provincial business man, he viewed all questions as equally impor-

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tant, attending personally to all his correspondence, insisting upon examining for himself every item and detail of the executive routine, and giving hours of his time each day to the minutiæ that the merest clerk could have attended to with quite as much efficiency. But this was, after all, a manifestation of the conscientiousness that showed itself far more commendably in higher matters. The rough, blunt independence of the man and his unimaginative turn of mind made him indifferent to the insidious influences that rise like a malarial mist about the possessor of high political office. Mere subtleties of suggestion were lost on this brusque Buffalonian; and anything more pointed than suggestion roused in him a sort of cross-grained spirit of opposition that brooked no guidance. Suave, astute, and wily leaders of the party, like Mr. Tilden, who had expected to find the inexperienced country politician a ready instrument in their hands, were aghast to see him forging along in his own way with a sort of bull-necked stubbornness, clumsy and lumbering, yet with a power and energy which they had to recognise as very real. And the great body of the people, whose love for political independence is all the more intense because of the infrequency with which they ever have a chance to see it, applauded this burly, obstinate, tactless, but intensely earnest man. They laughed when the professional politicians were trampled on; and even the representatives of "labour" whom Mr. Cleveland calmly defied by his veto of a well-known bill, at heart respected him for his courage and his honesty.

Then came Mr. Cleveland's nomination to the presidency, followed by the memorable campaign of 1884—that shameful contest in which personal scandal was belched forth by the writers and speakers of both parties, in which foul innuendo and filthy suggestion took the place of argument, and in which clergymen vied with the shouters of the stump in spreading abroad indecent charges, while even the graves of the dead were ransacked in search of fresh material for prurient pasquinades. Mr. Cleveland was still a bachelor, and the *condottieri* of the enemy thought him a fair target for every missile. It was the most extraordinary struggle that American political history has ever seen, a wild debauch of slander, and one of which every decent citizen, Republican or Democrat, was afterward ashamed; so that by a sort of tacit consent all subsequent campaigns have been fought out on purely public issues. Mr. Cleveland stood firm under the assaults upon his private character, though tempted into the writing of one very indiscreet and even foolish letter; and his general attitude was quite consistent with his reputation for frankness and sincerity. His terse telegram to a friend at the beginning of the onslaught furnished his partisans with a new slogan; so that "Tell the truth" became as popular a cry as "Burn this letter;" though, as some one rather cynically remarked at the time, "neither was the letter burned nor was the truth all told."

The hopeless break in the Republican Party caused by the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and the undoubted disloyalty to him of the Conkling faction in New York, gave the presidency to Mr. Cleveland by a plurality of only a few hundred votes in a single State. The record of the past twelve years must still be fresh in the minds of even the youngest of our readers. Into the details of this eventful period we cannot go; but they are surely among the most curious of any that our history affords. How this untrained, unlettered, provincial lawyer, this local politician, this heavy-handed, tactless, gruff Buffalonian drew to himself as his own personal following the most refined and highly trained and finical men of the party that had always hated the very name of Democrat; how even those like Mr. Lowell, who still remained his nominal opponents, spoke of his sincerity and single-mindedness with something like the fervour of enthusiasm; and how he made his own those views of government and economic policy that had long been viewed as suited only to the theorist and the doctrinaire; how he imposed them upon his own reluctant party, and for the first time in many decades saved it from a purely defensive attitude in the arena of national politics; how, though defeated for re-election, he was a third time nominated and then triumphantly elected over his formerly successful rival; how he came into power again with a united party and a great legislative majority behind him; how in a few short months he found himself without a loyal following;

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how he was at last compelled to give at least a moral support to the very man who represented the idea most thoroughly antagonistic to that with which his own career is closely linked ; and how he now goes forth from office into private life after having been repudiated by his own party which he leaves disorganised and divided—these are but a few of the many strange anomalies which the record of his administration presents. Yet even in his less important acts, an equal amount of contradiction is apparent. That the man who in 1888 denounced the baleful influence of capital should end by standing forth as the chosen champion of capital ; that the President whose first official utterance denounced the unwisdom of a second term of office should himself become three times a candidate ; that the politician who uttered words of comfort to the Homestead rioters should have stretched the presidential prerogative almost to the point of breaking in order to quell by military force an outbreak quite identical in origin ; that the strenuous advocate of an improved civil service should ever have put the machinery of appointment at the disposal of Mr. Buggins and Mr. Logan Carlisle ; and that the statesman whose alleged subserviency to England was for years a gibe with all his enemies should have hurled against Great Britain the most warlike message penned by any American President since the time of Polk—all these things in their way are just as remarkable and just as paradoxical as any of the greater incidents of his career.

In forming an estimate of the place in history which Mr. Cleveland and his administration will ultimately occupy, a sharp distinction will have to be made between that side of him which is purely personal and that which belongs to the sphere of statesmanship. This distinction is one that has in general been overlooked in all the recently published analyses of his public services. It is, for example, impossible to deny that he has made a strong and ineffaceable impression upon the mind of the American people. It is equally impossible to deny that he has exemplified some of the most admirable traits that are demanded of the governing man ; that he has been fearless, independent, honest, and sincere ; that never for a moment has he bent his neck to the collar of a "boss" ; that very seldom has he allowed any consideration of his own personal interest to move him ; that he has been master of his official household in a sense that has been rarely true of any American Executive ; that he and he alone, for good or for evil, has hewn out those results that must stand for all time as landmarks in the past twelve years of American history. He has shown himself to be, as a man, one of the most distinctly individual characters of the time ; and to him as to a President whose influence has been strongly felt, a place in the very foremost rank must be assigned.

It is only when one comes to view his work as a statesman that opinions will very seriously differ ; and until the present generation shall have passed away all such opinions will be utterly antipodal and quite irreconcilable. A public man may be all that Mr. Cleveland's warmest friends have claimed for him—vigorous, upright, forceful, and single-minded—and yet fall short of statesmanship. For a statesman, like a soldier and like an orator, must be finally and unsparingly judged solely by the measure of his success ; and this is especially true of one who fills the responsible office of the American Executive. The function of the President under our system is most intensely practical. Vested with immense, and in many things with a more than monarchical power, answerable within the limits of his prerogative to no one, and knowing that prerogative to be not very accurately defined, armed with the thunderbolt of the veto power, having unlimited patronage at his command, and secure in the tenure of his office for a period that cannot be abridged, the responsibility which rests upon him is correspondingly tremendous. He is at once the head of the State and the head of a party ; and both the welfare of the State and the welfare of the party are committed to his single keeping. Before his election he has subscribed to a definite programme of national policy representing the matured convictions of his own judgment. He has adopted a political creed that is accepted by him and by the party whose leadership he holds as embodying the immediate necessities of the nation. And therefore, when elected, he is bound by every obligation of

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honour and of conscience to embody these same views and principles in the national legislation and administration.

Hence, the American President is not placed in office primarily to illustrate the higher ethical virtues, but to *do* things; so that his success or his failure depends almost entirely upon the manner in which these objects are accomplished. And in the discharge of the task, the true statesman will adapt his methods to the attainment of his ends, having a due regard to proportion, not exalting petty measures into the place of vital issues, nor enshrining whims and glorifying ephemeral fads, but keeping the greater purpose steadily in view, and subordinating questions of detail and of temporary moment to the solemn pledges that he has given to the people. And in doing this he must work with such instruments as he has at hand and use to the full the powers that have been committed to his care. In the face of a great national emergency, he will not ultimately suffer in the estimation of the people if he even decline to look too closely at abstract theories of duty, or if he be not overnice in his use of the means at his disposal. This, to be sure, to the political purists, is something worse than heresy; but it is justified by the whole history of modern government: for had Elizabeth and Burleigh and Walsingham been political purists, England in the sixteenth century would have been overwhelmed by the Continental coalitions; had Cavour been a political purist, United Italy would have still remained the unsubstantial dream of a few poor visionaries; had Bismarck been a political purist, the German Empire would have slumbered for another century in the cave of Barbarossa. It is, no doubt, a hard saying that in the statesman, purity of motive, integrity of purpose, and the courage of conviction are not enough to confer enduring fame; yet this is emphatically true: and history shows that merely negative results and excellent intentions can give no rank comparable with that which he attains who with wisdom, calmness, and that higher strength which does not bluster, conquers a complete success and leaves a mark upon the record of supreme achievement.

Judged, then, by such a test as this, it is very hard to see how Mr. Cleveland can ever find a place in the foremost line of American statesmen. It was, indeed, unfortunate for him that practically his whole preparation for the task of governing came to him in two short years while holding the chief executive office of the State of New York. For with his naturally arbitrary and self-sufficient temperament, this formed the worst possible sort of preparation for the presidency. In the first place, the Governor of New York, in his relation to the Legislature of the State, is more influential and more irresponsible than is the President of the United States in his relation to the national Congress. And the cause of this is obvious. The New York Legislature, like all our State assemblies of the sort, is composed chiefly of men who make no claim to national distinction and whose ambitions are very limited and local. The public does not watch them as individuals. They make no figure in the popular mind. Consequently, their only thought is of the petty districts which they are supposed to represent, of the voters in their immediate vicinity, and of the interests of the section from which they come. Their activities are limited to getting through small bits of special legislation or to engineering a dicker with the representatives of opposing interests. To these men the Governor is politically omnipotent, for the loss of his favour means the hopeless blocking of their schemes. If, therefore, he is disposed to be arbitrary, self-sufficient, and impatient of advice, this is seldom resented, and there is really no appreciable check upon such tendencies, provided, as is usually the case, his own party control the Legislature: and even if he be not already given to playing the dictator, the practical supremacy which he here enjoys will very likely make him so. It was in this office that Mr. Cleveland acquired such knowledge of administration on a large scale as he gained prior to his assumption of the presidential rank; and it was, we say, distinctly unfortunate that his experience should have been limited to this one sphere, in which all his natural proneness to arrogance was fostered and intensified.

The downright, aggressive, and unconciliatory methods that he had made his own while Governor, he carried with him to the national capital; and it may be assumed that they were in no wise

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modified by his consciousness of the extraordinary fortune that had made him the first Democratic President to be actually seated, after the failures and mistakes of a quarter of a century. He doubtless felt that if disregard of personal and party ties, absolute reliance upon his own judgment, intolerance of the most friendly counsel, and an ill-suppressed contempt for the experience of his associates and followers could make him a successful Governor and lead him directly to the presidential chair, those same qualities were a good enough equipment for governing the nation.

And it was here that he made a great and, in some respects, a fatal mistake. For the conditions of governing at Albany and at Washington are not the same; since Congress is a very different body in tone and in temper from the Legislature of a State. It is just now the fashion to decry the capacity and the character of the men who represent their States in the Senate and the House; to profess to see in them only a collection of demagogues and log-rollers and "cranks;" but to bring against them so sweeping an indictment as this is in reality to attack the whole system under which the American people live. If a free, intelligent, and keen-sighted people does not or cannot choose for itself legislators who truly represent it, then, after more than a century of trial, republican government is proved to be a failure and its fundamental theory a falsehood and a sham. But as a matter of fact, while there are doubtless in both Houses of Congress men whose characters are soiled, men whose aims are sordid, men whose capacity is limited, and men whose views of the public service are perverted and even base, it is preposterous to assert that the great majority of them are anything but patriotic, conscientious, and sincere. Unlike the members of a local legislature, they are men who know that what they do is done in the public eye. They cherish a laudable ambition of future advancement. They have opinions of their own, and they feel the influence of other motives than those which actuate the obscure political ephemeridæ who flit across the scene at Albany, or Madison, or Little Rock. In their own States they are men of standing and importance, and in the white light that beats upon the Capitol they are not to be led by the nose with a hook or lashed into a supine submission even when it is a President of their own party who cracks the whip. Hence, when Mr. Cleveland resumed at Washington the rôle that he had played so easily at Albany, he aroused at once in the minds even of his own partisans a very natural resentment which deepened with time into a feeling of the intensest personal dislike. His capacity for making unnecessary enemies is, indeed, one of the very strangest facts of his career; and it has proved fatal to the success of the two great policies that through both his terms of office have been the nearest to his heart. During his first administration, to be sure, while the Senate was still in the hands of his opponents, while the country had not even yet given an emphatic "mandate" to the Democratic Party, and while a return to power was still a novel and agreeable sensation, such dislike as was excited in the party by Mr. Cleveland's tactlessness found no loud public utterance. But when his second term began with both Houses of Congress safely Democratic, and with an immense popular majority behind them, the discontent that had been slumbering so long broke forth in open opposition.

In a very able and almost convincing analysis of Mr. Cleveland's public life lately published in the *Evening Post*, and probably the work of Mr. E. L. Godkin, a practical admission of Mr. Cleveland's lack of tact is made; but it is asserted that, in the emergencies which confronted him, tact was not the quality most requisite; that stubborn courage was the one thing needful. In consequence, the case for Mr. Cleveland is made to rest upon the negative successes that he achieved in blocking measures which he held to be unwise. "Such work," says Mr. Godkin, "cannot be done by means of tact." Yet on the same page of the same issue of his paper, Mr. Godkin denounces the expiring Congress for the purely negative character of its work; and again and again has he dwelt upon the delight experienced by Senators and Representatives alike in defeating any measure that was known to have President Cleveland's personal approval. Why, then, were these things so, and of what, when taken together, are they significant?

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In Mr. Cleveland's public career two great measures of national policy stand out as those which he has always strongly pressed and with which his name is most distinctively associated. The first of these was a radical reform of the tariff upon a non-protective basis; and the second was such a modification of our financial system as would make that system unmistakably a system of gold monometallism. The reform of the tariff seemed to him so vital an issue that for its sake he incurred defeat at the polls in 1888; and his party frankly accepted his views and brought him back to office by a vast majority in 1892, after a campaign fought out upon this issue. His financial policy which was thoroughly understood in this campaign was also tacitly approved by his followers, for they nominated him with a full knowledge of his views and of his future action. Now, if his statesmanship is to be judged by anything at all, it surely may be judged by the manner in which he led his party in relation to these two vitally important measures. And what does the record show? With regard to the tariff, it shows that on coming into power after a successful contest decided on this very issue, with all the prestige that attends a party leader who has triumphed over political traditions, with a party pledged in its official utterances to the policy of its chief, and with a great majority in Congress elected to carry out this pledge, the only result that was attained after months of labour and debate, was a legislative measure so ludicrously unlike what had been promised, so inconsistent in its provisions and so emasculated in principle, that Mr. Cleveland himself was ashamed to sign it, and allowed it to become a law without his signature. In the sphere of finance the story of his leadership is still more lamentable, for not only was no definite financial measure passed, but in the effort to accomplish something, the friction between the President and his party went beyond the stage of quiet opposition and blazed out into open revolt, so that the party itself was split into opposing factions until the majority, in absolute defiance of its chief, broke away from his leadership altogether, repudiated all his tenets, and in the Chicago Convention wrote a declaration of principles every line of which was like a slap full in the face of the President whom those same men had once triumphantly elected. Then we have the strange spectacle of Mr. Cleveland, in order to save his financial doctrines from the general wreck, throwing over all his economic theories and aiding, at least by indirection, the fortunes of Mr. McKinley, his party's foe, a man whose name is linked with the most extreme of all the tariff legislation that Mr. Cleveland had for years denounced as robbery. If this be statesmanship, then statesmanship is but a synonym for anarchy.

The partisans of Mr. Cleveland have seen fit to throw the whole responsibility of this fiasco upon the Congress that thwarted and rejected his two policies. They say that in the face of such corruption, incompetence, ignorance, and personal malice as they think existed in both Houses, no President could have done what Mr. Cleveland tried to do. They say that this very opposition is only one more tribute to his political purity and uncompromising integrity of character. They "love him for the enemies that he has made," and describe his failure by the honorific name of "success in defeat." How, they ask, could he possibly prevail in the face of such a Congress? But this question is in reality an impeachment of his statesmanship. A great party leader must do his work with such instruments as he has at hand. A Congress gathered from all sections of the country will always represent conflicting interests, and it will always be filled with men discordant in their views and difficult of management. But every one knows this. This is the condition of the problem, the premise of party government, the accepted rule of the great political game. The mere politician will often shrink from the task, but the inspired statesman will master the difficulties, adapt his methods to his instruments, prevail by management, by tact, by judicious compromise, and will in the end attain a lasting and complete success. When a party leader, after assuming the guidance of a great majority, and with all the power of the executive office at his disposal, dismembers his party, wrecks his own most cherished measures, and then cries out that he is not responsible, owing to the machinations of evil and malicious men, this is to plead the baby-act in its most preposterous form. And this is just where

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Mr. Cleveland's lack of tact (*pace* Mr. Godkin) assumes a critical importance. To go bellowing and snorting through the labyrinth of legislation like a political Minotaur, goring recklessly at every prejudice, butting into every possible obstacle, and trampling defiantly on every personal and political susceptibility, is perhaps courageous, picturesque, exhilarating, amusing, magnificent, anything else you please—but it is not statesmanship. When Mr. Cleveland's friends disclose the list of Senators and Representatives who severed even their personal relations with him, and who rejoiced to hamper and defeat even those measures to which they were themselves by no means hostile, merely because in so defeating them they were defeating him, is this not in reality the strongest possible indictment of his administrative capacity? Is not the possession of a temperament that rouses incessant opposition and dislike as fatal a defect in a statesman as would be the possession of a club foot in a professional athlete? As a matter of fact the American President has infinite resources of conciliation if he but know how to use them—social influences, the prestige of his office, and, under our system, the enormous patronage whose use in winning congressional support is sanctioned by long custom. Mr. Cleveland himself is generally held to have employed this latter instrument in the contest which resulted in the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act; and in any case, the thought of its employment need not have excited any thrills of horror in a President who nominated Mr. James J. Van Alen to the Italian mission as a reward for pecuniary contributions to a campaign fund.

It is not likely that anyone to-day will claim that in political courage, personal honour, and high appreciation of public duty, President Lincoln was inferior to Mr. Cleveland; yet to recall the history of his administration is to recall that higher type of statesmanship which succeeds, as distinct from the spurious variety which fails. The problem of government as it confronted Mr. Lincoln was far more difficult than that which Mr. Cleveland had to meet. Elected by only a minority of the popular vote, unknown to many of his own party, with no executive experience whatever, mocked at by those who possessed the superficial polish which he lacked, taking office with a bankrupt treasury, a country divided and darkened by approaching war, with incompetence and inexperience everywhere conspicuous, he stood alone, upon the threshold of an agonising crisis, with scarcely one adviser on whose wisdom and devoted loyalty he could perfectly rely. Congress was full of faction. There were those fierce fanatics, the Macbriars and Mucklewraths of Abolitionism, panting for all that was extreme and violent, and looking upon the President as a Gallio whenever he held back from following their frantic lead. There were the War Democrats, patriotic and sincere, but timid, superstitiously shrinking from anything that savoured of extra-constitutional procedure, and reluctant to assent to it even in the exigencies of a struggle for national existence. There was also a small but venomous minority made up of those whose sympathies were really with the South, and who watched every move of the administration with sleepless vigilance, ready at an instant's notice to pounce upon its errors and discredit all its counsels. In the Cabinet itself the situation was, if anything, still more disheartening. The wily, adroit, and immensely able Seward, past-master of political intrigue, could not be expected all at once to show unqualified devotion to a President who had defeated him for the nomination that had been the great ambition of his life. Chase, as the letters published after his death most plainly show, was thoroughly disloyal, at first despising his chief and always intriguing against him. A little later, and Stanton, a lifelong Democrat, a man of violent and arbitrary will, prone to insubordination and arrogance, introduced into the President's official household another element of discord. Moreover, thousands of honest but unwisely impatient citizens were fretting at inevitable delay, heartsick at the tidings of disaster that came thick and fast with every bulletin, and ready to be convinced that the Head of the State was incompetent or frivolous or shallow. Add to this the fact that the passions of all men were inflamed to the highest pitch, that reason was stifled, that greed and jobbery and corruption, starting up in a night at the first breath of war, throve rankly in every department of the government, and set their swarms of shameless satellites upon

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the President to beg and bluster and bedevil. From such a carnival of faction and folly the ablest and the purest might well have shrunk appalled; the wisest might have taken up the task and failed without discredit. But Lincoln, with that clear vision and that serenity of temper that never failed him, did not for one moment falter or complain. He mastered his Cabinet from the first, and ensured at least its loyalty to the public service if not to him; he compacted into an efficient legislative entity the inharmonious factions of the Congress, yielding a little here and giving a little there, conciliating opposition, gently disarming prejudice, always patient and kindly, but never for a moment losing sight of the one great end in view, until at last the fight was won and he stood forth the absolute master of his party, supreme, unchallenged, and successful in that victory which was not his victory alone, but first of all his country's. And this was statesmanship.

Yet if a study of Mr. Cleveland's two administrations should fail to prove his claim to the highest title given to the ruler of a great people, it still yields much that an American may view with quiet satisfaction. That one with little preparation for the task, one who was no student of public affairs, but who was taken almost at random from the mass of ordinary citizens, could still in two great administrative offices display no weakness but maintain his personal independence; that he could hold his own and make a lasting impression upon the imaginations of his countrymen by his tenacity, his integrity, and his unflinching courage, this fact is one that is distinctly reassuring. Whatever mistakes he may have made, however far he may have fallen short of the highest ideals of statesmanship, his career still shows that the Anglo-Saxon capacity for government everywhere exists in our transplanted race; and so long as this is true, no thoughtful American need ever for one moment despair of the life or of the honour of the Great Republic.

The book before us is interesting as giving an outline of its subject from a purely English point of view. Its narrative covers the whole of Mr. Cleveland's life, from his childhood to the eve of last year's presidential election. Just what special qualification Mr. Lowry Whittle has for writing such a work we do not know; but from a perusal of its contents, we gather that his knowledge is derived mainly from his own careful reading and observation at a distance. His tone is entirely impartial, and the fairness of his purpose is beyond all question. The account that he gives of Mr. Cleveland's public services is colourless and in all important matters wholly accurate. The feeling that one gets, however, is that of a writer not entirely at his ease. There is a certain far-away intangible quality about what he says, a certain lack of precision and sureness such as one might naturally look for in the work of an author who has acquired his information at such long range. He knows the incidents of which he tells; but he does not appear to know the scenes and the environment in which these incidents took place. Of this defect he seems, indeed, himself at times to be quite conscious, and now and then he seeks to put a little life or a little personal detail into some of his pages. Such an attempt, for instance, is his description of Mr. Cleveland's personal appearance, introduced with many apologies which, in fact, occupy more space than the description itself. Occasional little slips such as we have noticed here and there are not perhaps worth mentioning, except by way of illustration. Thus (on page 9) Mr. Whittle is in error in stating that Mr. Cleveland held a leading place at the Buffalo bar; and (on page 87) he speaks of Mr. Cleveland's eldest daughter as "Ethel," making the additional mistake of asserting that "Baby Cleveland" was a popular cry at the election of 1892. The fact, however, that Mr. Whittle has not in general attempted to be more specific in his inclusion of personal detail is evidence of a wise discretion; for surely nothing is more absurdly grotesque than the attempt of the average Englishman to inject into his literary work a touch of American local colour. Such attempts may be sufficiently illustrated (à propos of the subject of this paper) by a passage that we remember to have read in the account given by a leading English journal at the time of Mr. Cleveland's wedding. In this account the writer, after setting down the description of that event (received by cable), worked in the following delicious little

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bit (evolved from his own inner consciousness) :

"After the ceremony had ended, no elaborate banquet was served ; but the guests, with true democratic simplicity, partook of a little supper sent in from a neighboring tavern, and including the national delicacies of terrapin, canvas-back duck, clams, Indian mush-soup, ice cream, and cold buckwheat cakes" (!)

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE REPORTER AND LITERATURE.

An observer of American conditions can hardly fail to notice that our newspaper reporters are each year taking a more prominent part in the literary world. Editors used to become literary men, but reporters almost never. For the change there are several general causes. In the first place, beginners in journalism come from a better class than they did a decade ago. Horace Greeley was one of many in the last generation who distrusted college graduates, and believed that the good newspaper man, as he told Mr. Dana, was the one who had in his boyhood slept on papers and eaten ink ; and those who did not work up from the bottom drifted into the business because they had failed in other occupations. To-day the papers seek men fresh from college, because they write better English ; and their formal education helps them in many of the subjects covered by the press to-day. It is natural, therefore, that the reporter of the present time is more often heard of outside than was the broken-down lawyer or business man who gathered the news twenty years ago. His opportunities are excellent, as his regular duties give him the best material for stories, descriptive articles, and essays, and the habit of noticing detail, picturesque situations, events, and characters, obviously tends to literary production.

But there are dangers, the first of which is the fixed tone which in the paper of to-day runs through all of its columns, to make a consistency, a uniformity, to which its servant is obliged to bend, however much it may depart from his own nature. As observation and shrewdness increase, the ideal qualities of his individuality often vanish, and the style which is the man, the untranslatable and intimate part, is crushed, that he may write instead the *Sun* style, the *World*, *Post*, or *Tribune* style, not in manner alone, but in substance and general intellectual attitude. Cynicism dominates one paper, sensationalism another, business common sense a third, society a fourth, and men and things must be judged by the reporter in the light of this point of view from which he is hired to write. News is padded or omitted, made plausible or doubtful, impressive or ridiculous, according to its bearing on certain opinions. Of course the reporter may keep up two selves, but usually the point of view which he uses every day has its influence on him. "Your worst fault," said a successful reporter to a beginner, "is that you are always criticising. A newspaper man ought to know his paper thoroughly, and learn to share its ideas." Within limits individuality is encouraged, but the limits are essential.

Cynicism is a natural result, and few professions show so much of it. It exists to a rather surprising extent in the best papers, but of course it is more marked among the men who work for the sensational sheets ; who pry into private matters, break confidences, intrude where people are mourning, get facts through keyholes, make revelations which cause shame and suffering. What is said of all this ? Certainly the public does not care very much. It mildly disapproves in extreme cases ; but none the less, its first interest is in getting the news, this kind of essentially unimportant news, gossip, which is usually the subject of such underhanded "scoops." A little over a year ago a Chicago paper obtained a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on a subject of national importance, by means, it was generally supposed, of bribery of printers or stenographers. Readers and reporters spoke of what a tremendous thing this paper

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had accomplished, and few expressed regret that such things should be. The reporter as a rule regrets that the taste of the public is so low. "But," he adds, "we don't run newspapers for exercise or for the good of humanity. We run them to make money. Therefore we give the public what it will buy." The public does not feel responsible for the newspaper nor the newspaper for the public.

But there is a strong social penalty for the individual. The young man in society often meets a coolness because he is a reporter, and his friends do not use that word in introducing him. Often he appears as a "journalist" in the directory. Naturally, the youth who belongs to a class which gets by shrewd means the facts which the taste of the better part of society thinks should not be made public must be looked upon with a feeling of distrust. However sure his friends may feel that apart from his business, his standards are as high as theirs, the general contempt for the methods of the profession must fall to some extent on him; and usually, whatever his paper, he has, inevitably, breaches of taste to answer for. However strong his social position, he sees that his associates watch him with regret, as a good man walking in dark paths. They laugh at his stories, and are interested in his experiences more than in those of the lawyer or the doctor, but they seem to feel that some of his essential dignity is gone. And even where there is no condemnation there is often aloofness, as among business associates. He is regarded as a creature apart, one who may tell things, and whom events interest only from the point of view of fitness for his use. He cares for the outcome of nothing. "Go on and stir things up," said a reporter to a politician. "I do not care what you do, so you do something. It is all good for me." This is the attitude with which the world has identified him. Two reporters were discussing the Venezuela trouble. "The doctrine has cost a terrible pile," said one. "It has made lots of columns," the other replied. "Yes," said the first, "I suppose on the whole it has paid." The world does not like that standard of judgment, but it is only too typical of the characteristic irony of the newspaper man.

These considerations are no more moral than artistic. The domination of our literary world by the newspapers increases the number of writers clever at giving the public what it desires, but does it work for or against the production of real literature? The gloomier view is the more readily stated, and among the many who hold it may be named Lord Rosebery, who said in a speech last June: "What you want to develop in your race is the art of thinking, and thinking is an art which stands a very good chance of perishing from among us altogether. The risks to which independent thinking is exposed, when you come to reckon them up, are manifold and dangerous. I think the Press, with all its great merits, is one of the greatest enemies of independent thinking. To begin with, we are furnished every day from at least half a dozen quarters with the best thoughts of trained and able minds on the subject of the day in the daily papers. It is all that one able-bodied man can do to get through these able-bodied papers in the course of a day. . . . Not merely have we that, but if the appetite is sufficiently omnivorous, he has the weekly Press in profusion, with the more leisurely thoughts of distinguished minds; and if he has a minute or two left, he can read all the monthly magazines and complete the cycle of his intellectual system."

The danger which exists for the mere reader of the paper is of course greater for the servant of the paper, and it certainly is probable that the average man loses more individuality in the service of a daily journal than he would in a law-office or a business house. His work absorbs his energies more, touches his private life more closely, and has less continuity, less development. He comes to the office at eleven in the morning, perhaps with a vacant mind, ready for anything; is assigned to a murder, a political story, an interview with a minister, an accident; he finishes it, dismisses it from his mind, and goes away, to return the next day equally ready for anything and equally detached from any single subject.

But although the dark side is easiest to see and easiest to state, the hopeful side exists for the man who is strong enough to take the opportunities and reject the temptations. Even on our

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worst papers are a few men who use intelligently not only their opportunities for observation, but their opportunities for good action. The reporter sees men daily in critical situations, in the first despair of business disgrace or of personal bereavement, in the flush of sudden success and in accident, and if his interest in human nature be deep enough and clear enough, each interview may inform and strengthen him fundamentally. He sees also where the needs of the city are ; he has more facts, if he wishes them, than most men ; and if he have public sympathy, a large view of life, and personal power he could hardly have a more favourable aid to effective work. At least one reporter in this town has done an enormous amount for political and social improvement, and equal opportunities lie before all. He is one of the few men who are proud of the name of reporter, who are impressed by their duties to the public and the possibilities of their own lives, and who influence their papers more than they are influenced by them.

Norman Hapgood.

THE SUBJECTS OF TWO FAMOUS FAREWELL SONGS.

Every one is familiar with the song *Maid of Athens, ere We Part*, with its Greek refrain, but comparatively few persons are acquainted with the portrait of the attractive young girl who inspired them. During a visit to Athens, Lord Byron's fancy was captivated by Theresa Macri, whose sole claim to celebrity lies in the words of the famous song addressed to her. Her mother, Theodora Macri, a native Greek, and the widow of an English vice-consul, derived her living from renting the apartments which Byron occupied ; and her three daughters, who charmed every one, contributed no little toward making her home the *pied à terre* for English travellers. One of these, H. W. Williams, in his *Travels in Italy and Greece*, quoted in Thomas Moore's *Life of Byron* (1833), has left so excellent a description that it, with the accompanying portrait, will present an excellent idea of one of the human flowers that attracted the light butterfly heart of the great poet. We see the trio of sisters at home :

" Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours, and if you could see them as we do now through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens. Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cup with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders —the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pélisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles ; under that a gown of striped silk or muslin with a gore round the swell of the loins falling in front in graceful negligence ; white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes ; their visage oval and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters, whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners are pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would, indeed, be remarkable if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the Eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading. . . . These ladies, since the death of the consul, their father, depend on strangers living in their spare room and closet which we now occupy. But though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuously as their beauty."

It is sad to think that, twenty-four years after the song was written, an Englishman hunted for Theresa Macri and found her married, struggling to earn a living for a large family of chil-

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dren, and, sadder than all, without a trace of her former beauty.

The "Maid of Athens" has frequently been set to music, the most popular versions being those of V. Pucitta (1815); S. Waller (1820); G. V. Duval (1830); S. Nelson (1846); G. Linley (1854); H. Kalliwoda (1863); M. W. Balfe (1869); C. F. Gounod (1873); W. L. Williams (1878); and J. Mount (1880).

Less popular, perhaps, but equally familiar is the famous French chanson written by Henri IV., quoted here:

"Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
À la suite de Mars,
Cruelle départie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!

"L'amour, sans nulle peine
M'a par vos doux regards,
Comme un grand capitaine
Mis sous ses étandards.
Cruelle départie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!

"Si votre nom célèbre
Sur mes drapeaux brillait,
Jusqu'a dela de l'Ebre
L'Espagne ne craindrait.
Cruelle départie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!

"Je n'ai pu dans la guerre,
Qu'un royaume gagner,
Mais sur toute la terre
Vos yeux doivent regner.
Cruelle départie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!

"Partagez ma couronne,
Le prix de ma valeur
Je la tiens de Bellone
Tenez la de mon cœur.
Cruelle départie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!

"Bel astre que je quitte,
Ah! cruel souvenir!
Ma douleur s'en irrite:
Vous revoir ou mourir!
Cruelle departie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!"

The beautiful woman who inspired these lines became the favourite of the King of France by accident. He had spent three weeks in the saddle without once removing his armour, being pursued by the Duke of Parma's retreating forces, and came suddenly upon the Château de Cœuvres, near Soissons, the home of the charming Gabrielle d'Estrées. So captivated was he by the graceful hospitality of the fair *châtelaine* and her marvellous beauty that he loved her at first sight and ever afterward. Dreux de Radier describes her—and from the accompanying portrait his description will be credited—as

"the loveliest woman in France, with hair of a beautiful *blonde cendrée*, eyes blue and full of fire, and a complexion as fair as alabaster; her nose was well shaped and aquiline, a mouth showing a set of pearly teeth, with lips whereon the god of love had set his seal; a swan-like throat and perfectly formed bust, a taper hand; in short, she had the demeanour of a goddess."

Gabrielle, the daughter of Antoine, Marquis d'Estrées, grand master of artillery, a brave soldier, and much attached to the cause of the hero of Navarre, was educated by him in every way befitting a soldier's daughter. He taught her to hunt, to ride boldly and fearlessly, and to shoot with the arquebuse.

After Henri had obtained her love he showered everything upon her, and her extravagances knew no bounds. She constantly appeared in new costumes thickly sewn with jewels which even attracted attention in that period of brilliant attire. She went to Paris in 1594 when Henri made his *entrée*, "borne a little after him," says *L'Étoile*,

"in a splendid open litter so studded with pearls and glittering with gems that their lustre eclipsed the glare of the flambeaux. She was attired in a black satin robe all slashed and puffed with white."

She accompanied the King everywhere, not only at his diversions at Fontainebleau, but was present at the opening of Parliament and on other important public occasions. From letters still existing we learn that Henri informed her of every movement, incident, and action which occurred during the campaign in Rouerque and Languedoc. "If I should be defeated," says one letter,

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THERESA MACRI, THE MAID OF ATHENS.

After a sketch taken from life in 1812.

"you know me too well to believe that I shall run away. No! my last thought shall be given to heaven, and the last but one to you!"

It was when he joined his army and set out for Amiens that he composed the song of *Charmante Gabrielle*, a farewell to her, the charmer of his life.

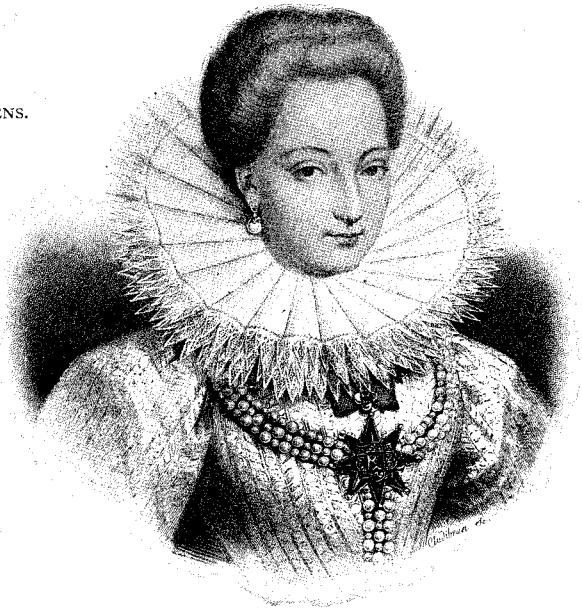
Sad it is that she died in 1599 with the suspicion of having been poisoned.

"She was delicately fair," says Sainte Beuve,

"with light golden hair, thrown off her face in waving masses, slightly curled, an open brow, the space between the eyes—*l'entre œil*, as it was then called—large and noble; the mouth smiling and roseate, while a tender and engaging expression threw a charm over the whole countenance. Her eyes were blue, with a clear, soft, and lively glance. She was a thorough woman in all her tastes, ambitions, and even in her faults. She was, moreover, perfectly natural in her manners, and intelligent without any pretension to learning, the only book found in her library being her *livre d'heures*."

This, with the previous description, gives one an excellent idea of the famous beauty's appearance in her youth and maturity.

Esther Singleton.



GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES.

TO MEMORY.

Regret—with purple passion flowers in her hair—
Holding the Deadly Night Shade to her lips,
Smiling the cast-off smile that weary dreamers wear—
To Memory!—a deathless love-pledge sips.

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

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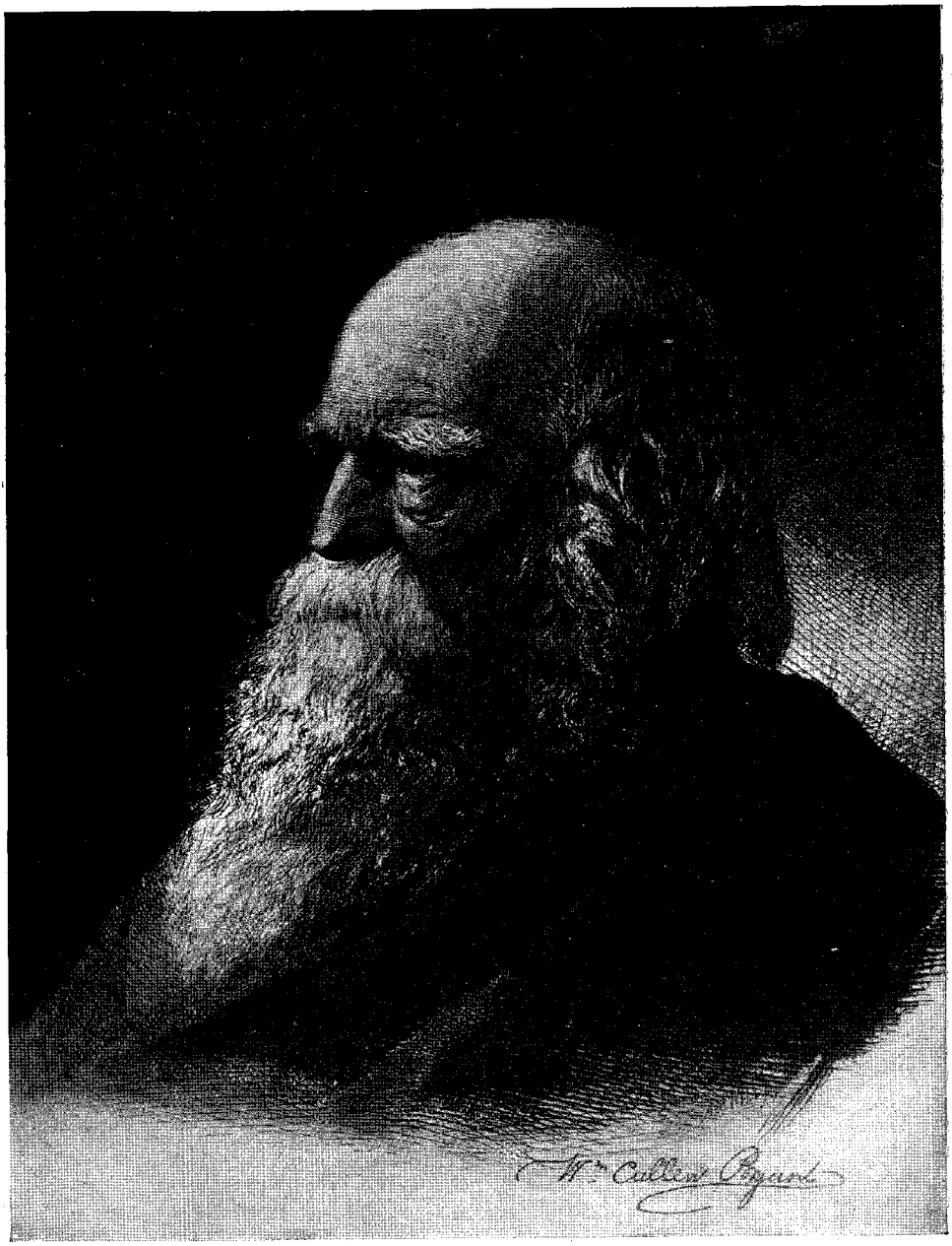

BRYANT AT THE END OF HIS LIFE.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

III.—William Cullen Bryant.

The *Mayflower* folk could no more have thought of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins as the central figures in a world-read poem than as the direct ancestors of two favourite American poets. Both Bryant and Longfellow had their descent from the union which Miles Standish's courtship brought about. Not only through this strain of *Mayflower* blood, but from many other

NOTE.—The above fine portrait of Bryant is published for the first time, from an etching done by Aug. Will, through the kindness of Henry C. Sturges, Esq., New York.

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ancestral sources William Cullen Bryant was born—at Cummington in Western Massachusetts, November 3d, 1794—into a rightful inheritance of the New England spirit in its purest essence. To say that his father, Dr. Stephen Bryant, was known about the countryside as "the beloved physician," and that at the age of sixty he won a foot-race from a famous runner of the region, will at least suggest the sort of man he was. Of Bryant's mother it is told that she kept a diary for fifty-three years without missing a day. On November 3d, 1794, the entry read: "Stormy. Wind N.E. Churned. Seven in the evening a son born." Add to this the report that when she rode horseback, she used to spring from the ground into the saddle, and we are prepared for the records of her son's vigorous longevity.

BRYANT IN 1828.

Engraved originally for *The New York Mirror* in 1828 from a painting by Inman, and published later in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1841, with "A Notice of William Cullen Bryant" by Edgar Allan Poe.

But the physical prowess of his race was not its greatest distinction. His father, a man of education and personal charm, had good books in his library. He was given to verse-making himself, and the best English poets were the daily food of his children, of whom, by the way, William Cullen was the second of seven. Are there any such children in this day as there were a hundred years ago? We are credibly informed, by Bryant himself, that at sixteen months he knew all the letters of the alphabet, and that his older brother, before the completion of his fourth year, "had read the Scriptures through from beginning to end." Much good they must have done him, one is tempted to interpose. Whether as a cause or an effect of precocity, the head of young Cullen, as he was called, was of such an alarming size that by his father's order he was dipped every summer morning, head and all, into a spring near the house, the treatment being continued so late into the autumn that it was sometimes necessary to break a film of ice for the child's bath. Before he attained manhood his delicate health was left entirely behind him.

It was a stern school in which Bryant had his earliest training; but the rigours of old New England boyhood, under teachers, parents, and on the farm, have been so often described that it need only be said here that no exceptions were

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT IN 1858.

From an engraving after the painting by Durand, published by the Century Association in 1858.

made in the young poet's favour. As a young poet he very soon came to be known. When he was about ten years old his grandfather gave him a Spanish ninepenny piece for turning the first chapter of Job into verse, and very soon afterward the *Hampshire Gazette* of Northampton began printing his poetical effusions, which were no worse and little better than the work of other youthful bards. It is worth remembering that the most serious early production of the boy whose chief activity in life took the form of political writing was a piece of political satire. Dr. Bryant was an ardent Federalist, and represented his party in the General Court at Boston. Jefferson and the Embargo of

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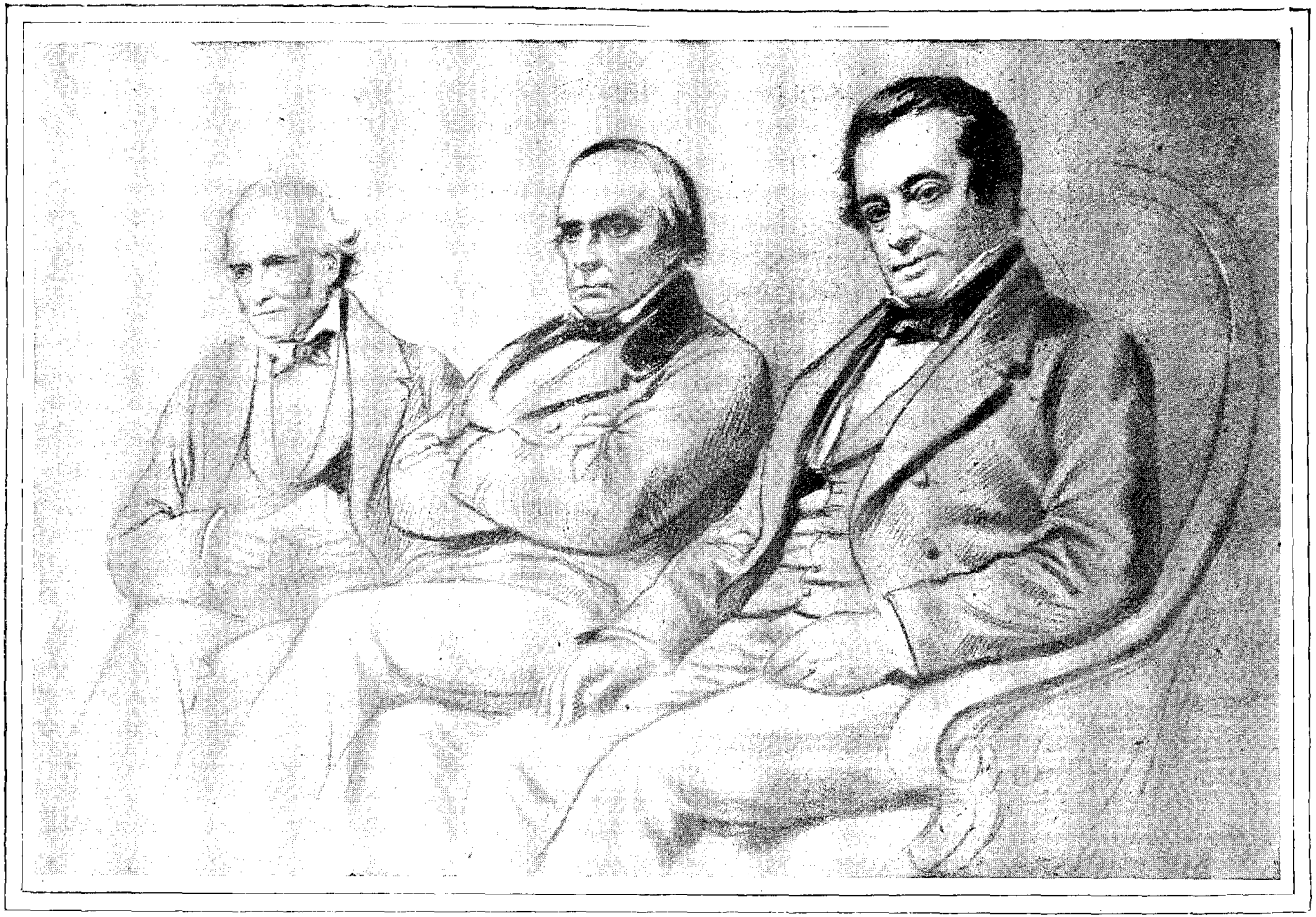

BRYANT, WEBSTER, AND IRVING AS THEY APPEARED AT THE PUBLIC MEETING HELD IN MEMORY OF J. FENIMORE COOPER IN 1852.
Reproduced from a sketch by Dan Huntington through the kindness of Mr. F. H. Day (of Messrs. Copeland & Day), Boston.

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LITERARY PORTRAITS, NO. 1.

Wm. C. Bryant

LITERARY PORTRAITS—No. 1.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

We, this week, commence a series of portraits which will be continued from time to time in the New World, and which cannot fail to be interesting to the intelligent reader, who is acquainted with the works of our American writers. The series will not be exclusively confined to mere authors—men who have written books—but to men who are generally known throughout the country, as connected with the press. We have chosen the most fitting name with which to commence our gallery—that of the Editor of the Evening Post, and the author of poems, which have become standard in America, have been re-published in England and are regarded with great favor in both countries. Our sketches will be brief, and will not include elaborate criticisms upon literary productions.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is the son of Peter Bryant, of Cummington, Mass., a physician of respectable rank. William was born on the 3d day of November, 1794. He gave evidences of the faculty of verse-making at an early age. When but nine years old, he composed for a school-thesis certain lines, which received the *imprimatur* of the editor of the Hampshire Gazette, a weekly newspaper published in Northampton.

The youthful poet was rather encouraged than restrained by his indulgent parent in these early manifestations of a love for

"Idle poetry,
That useless and unprofitable art."

Instead of checking the imagination of his son, Dr. Bryant, who was a sound scholar and a man of taste, guided and directed it; and the poet now acknowledges that he is indebted to parental teaching for some careful habits in composition.

When only fourteen years old our author published at Boston, in a small volume, with some other poems, "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times." The book was so well received that a second edition was printed within the year. "The Embargo" was a political *jeu d'esprit* levelled at President Jefferson and his measures. It is chiefly remarkable from the fact that the boyish principles therein expressed have, of late days, been gravely brought to sustain a charge of inconsistency urged against the man.

In 1810, the young satirist entered Williams college, in Williamstown, Massachusetts. He remained here two years, and then, obtaining a dismissal upon his own application, turned his attention to the study of law. In 1815, he was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, and afterwards practiced with moderate success.

Mr. Bryant came to New York in 1825. He shortly became an editor of a Magazine, entitled THE NEW YORK REVIEW. Some of his most admired pieces appeared here. In 1826 he became associated in the editorial conduct of THE EVENING POST.

During each of the years 1827, 1828, and 1829, he contributed one-third of its matter to an annual entitled "The Talisman"—the remaining two-thirds being written, chiefly, by Messieurs Verplanck and Sands.

In 1832 Mr. Elam Bliss, of New-York, issued the first complete edition of the poems of Bryant. It was soon exhausted, and a second immediately published in Boston. Of this latter, Mr. Washington Irving, then in London, took upon himself an English re-publication, in which he announced himself as the editor, dedicating the book in this capacity to Mr. Samuel Rogers. Since this period the Harpers, of New-York, have printed several editions, of which the latest contains seventeen pieces not to be found in any previous colection. One or two fine poems, not yet comprised in volume form, have lately appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" and the "Democratic Review."

In June, 1834, the poet, with his family, sailed for Europe, with the design of there devoting some years to literary pursuits and to the education of his children. He visited Italy and Germany, residing principally in Munich, Heidleburg, Florence and Pisa. In the spring of 1836 he was suddenly called home by the severe illness of Mr. Leggett, his associate in the "Evening Post."

"The *poetical* reputation of Mr. Bryant," remarks a fine critic—Mr. Edgar A. Poe—to whose published sketch we are indebted for some facts in this notice, "both at home and abroad, is, perhaps, higher than that of any other American. In England his writings have been received with especial favor, and here the public approbation has been decided and unanimous. In no instance has his great abilities been denied—nor can it be denied that this fact itself is a substantial proof of the character and of the extent of these abilities. No man of the noblest order of genius was ever distinguished by absolute uniformity of applause. On the other hand this uniformity is never known except where we meet with the most rigorous negative merit. In truth a manly exemption from the prevalent poetical affectations of his time has done more for Mr. Bryant than any one positive excellence. Yet of positive excellencies he has many; and there are one or two of his shorter poems which sometimes startle the critic into a belief of a rarer spirit—of a more ethereal temper—than that of which the poet gives any general or steady indication."

We believe that the reputation of the "first American Poet," is always accorded to Mr. Bryant. His poems are certainly more generally known and are more *American* in their character than those of any other native poet. In our opinion, Mr. Bryant might acquire as a prose-writer a reputation not inferior to that which he has attained as a poet, were the subjects on which he employs his pen of a more lasting character. His leading articles in the Evening Post are models of a correct and elegant style; they are full of wit, happy illustrations, and forcible antethesis. They are not less vigorous than they are polished, and the charm of their style gives interest to the driest subjects.

In politics Mr. Bryant is of the strict Democratic school; no paper in the United States, more ably and consistently than his, supported the administrations of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren. His enemies call him malignant—falsely, we believe. His conduct in private life, and his character as a poet indicate him to be a man, gentle and benevolent. In the domestic circles, and by his friends, numerous and good, Mr. Bryant is truly loved. His moral character is unimpeachable: a kind husband, an affectionate father—he *lives up* to the sentiments expressed in many of his poems.

The likeness in the above sketch is very good. The expression has been caught by the artist, and conveyed with striking fidelity. Our admiration for Mr. Bryant as a poet—our esteem for him as a man, would have prompted us to say more; less we could not have said with any justice to our subject.

For the New World.

DREAMLETS.

I know a little silver lake whose banks are bright with flowers;
There oft at night my footsteps stray to cheat the lingering hours;
And when the moon's full glory beams from heaven's blue arch above,
In Fancy's bright but fleeting dreams I meet the lass I love.
Her dark brown hair untrammeled falls in richly waving curls;
Her opening rose-bud lips betray a bright array of pearls;
With fairy step and laughing eye she trips o'er flower and vine,
And, archly echoing sigh for sigh, she whispers, "I 'll be thine."
But where, O lovely visions! where, *in life's undreaming part,*
Dwells unrevealed this maiden fair, this idol of my heart?
If still on earth her presence flings o'er mortals such sweet power,
Oh spread again your airy wings and waft me to her bower!
If ye are faithful shadows, cast by coming good or ill,
I 'll hope to find HER to the last, and leave earth—hoping still;
And far beyond the moon's pale beams and stars' more distant light
I 'll seek fulfilment of my dreams, 'mid scenes superbly bright.

New-York.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF PAGE OF "THE NEW WORLD," APRIL 24, 1841, CONTAINING PORTRAIT AND SKETCH OF BRYANT.

1807 were anathema to all good Federalists; and in 1808 Dr. Bryant published in Boston his son's little pamphlet, *The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times, A Satire by a Youth of Thirteen*. After the fashion of the day the piece, bristling with invective against Jefferson and the arch-destroyer Napoleon, was fairly spirited and clever. Certainly it was a thing which few youths of thirteen could have done, and it was well enough received to bring about the printing of a second edition in 1809, which contained various other products of the same young hand. It is a rare wo.k to-day, for Bryant quite discarded it as soon as his maturer powers were proved; yet he who seeks may find it, full of Latinity and grave decorum. Spain becomes Iberia; Belgia and Helvetia step forward from the map of Europe. Even the Connecticut River is called "fair Connecta" and "celebrious stream," almost as though a Francis Thompson were singing his "temerarious if" before his day.

Such indeed was the boy's promise, that his father, sympathising from the first with his bent toward letters, chose him as the son worthy of collegiate training. His mother's brother, the Rev. Thomas Snell, equipped him with the Latin necessary for entering the Sophomore Class at Williams College, and the Rev. Moses Hallock—whose house at Plainfield, where many boys made their preparatory studies, was called the Bread and Milk College—guided him in the acquisition of Greek, and received one dollar a week for board and instruction. "I can afford it for that, and it would not be honest to take more," he used to say. When Bryant entered Williams College, in October of 1810, there were but four men in the faculty, and the standard of scholarship was anything but that of the modern college. Such as it was, it appears that Bryant, in spite of the burden of having brought a reputation with him, was easily equal to maintaining and increasing his good fame. But it is fatiguing to read of unbroken success, and one of the refreshing items of his

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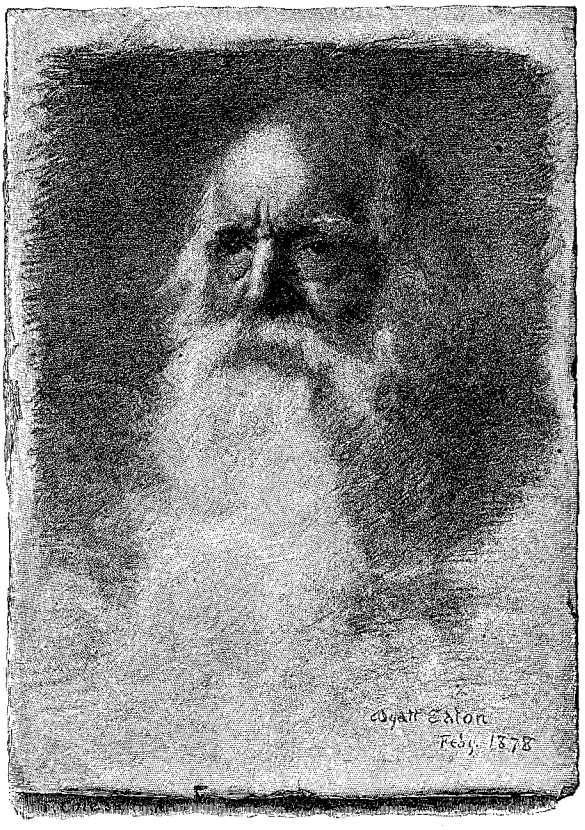
college history is that, overcome by his own laughter, he broke down in an attempt to declaim a passage from Irving's *Knickerbocker*. The incident gives early proof of the gayer spirit which the dignity of his nature often hid, and, moreover, helps us to fix the sixteen-year-old boy in his historical place. *Knickerbocker's History* had appeared in 1809.

Two ambitions of Bryant's at this time were to leave Williams and enter Yale; but only the first of them was fulfilled, and that after but two terms of college work. When the time came for going to the more distant college, the family finances would not permit it. While reaching a decision to study law as the surest means of earning a support, he gave himself that best of instruction, which came from a thorough reading of his father's books. Then came a few years of legal study in neighbouring villages, and in August of 1815 he found himself a full-fledged attorney of the Common Pleas. After a short experiment elsewhere he established himself, in October of 1816, as a practitioner of law in Great Barrington, Mass., where he toiled faithfully for nine years.



BRYANT IN HIS EIGHTY-FOURTH YEAR.

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It is not the young lawyer, but the young poet that we wish to remember; not the person who described himself as

> "forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
> And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen,"

but the student, who inevitably clung to poetry as the expression of his real life. "Alas! sir," he wrote to an older friend, "the muse was my first love, and the remains of that passion which is not cooled out nor chilled into extinction, will always, I fear, cause me to look coldly on the severe beauties of Themis." It has been seen how early he fell a victim to that "first love," and through all the days of college and law study the Muse was his true mistress. As Bryant stands almost alone among poets as one whose fame came to him while he was hardly more than a boy, and was only confirmed, not created, by the work of his later years, we may permit ourselves to look somewhat closely at his beginnings.

Thanatopsis may be said to have given him his place in American letters, and the story of its origin cannot be told too often. The unfailing wonder of it is that a boy of seventeen could have written it; not merely that he could have made verse of such structural beauty and dignity, but that the thoughts of which it is compacted could have been a boy's thoughts. The poem seems to have been written while he was at his father's house in Cummington, in the summer of 1811, before he had definitely begun the study of law. Fond as he had been of showing his earlier effusions to his father and others, the consciousness of having done something

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BRYANT AND HIS FRIEND COLE IN THE CATSKILLS.

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different and greater must have come upon him at this time, for it was only by accident, six years after the writing of *Thanatopsis*, that his father chanced to find it and the poem now called "An Inscription upon the Entrance to a Wood" among some papers in a desk the boy had used while at home. Dr. Bryant read them with amazement and delight, hurried at once to the house of a neighbour, a lady of whose sympathy he felt sure, thrust them into her hands, and, with the tears running down his cheeks, said, "Read them; they are Cullen's."

Now it had happened only a short time before, that Dr. Bryant had been asked in Boston to urge his son to contribute to the newly established *North American Review*, and had written him a letter on the editors' behalf. Here was the opportunity of a proud father. Without telling his son of his discovery

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or his purpose, he left the poems one day, together with some translations from Horace by the same hand, at the office of the *North American*. The little package was addressed to his editorial friend, Mr. Willard Phillips, of whom tradition tells us that as soon as he had read the poems he betook himself in hot haste to Cambridge to display his treasures to his associates, Richard H. Dana and Edward T. Channing. "Ah, Phillips," said Dana, when he had heard the poems read, "you have been imposed upon! No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse." But Phillips, believing Dr. Bryant to be responsible for it, declared that he knew the writer, and that Dana could see him at once if he would go to the State House, in Boston. Accordingly the young men posted in to town, and Dana, unconvinced after looking long and carefully at Dr. Bryant in his seat in the Senate, said, "It is a good head, but I do not see *Thanatopsis* in it."

If any one to-day will take the trouble to look at the *North American Review* for September, 1817, he will see *Thanatopsis* in it; not as we see it now, for the opening lines, as far as the passage beginning,

"Yet a few days and thee,"

are absent, and the poem ends with the line,

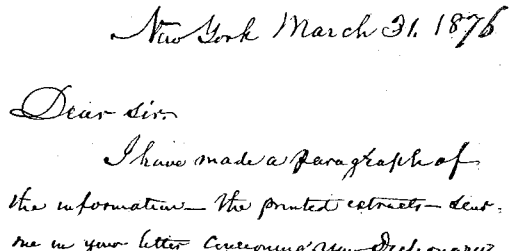
"And made their bed with thee."

The noble conclusion is lacking, but in place of the introductory lines that are now familiar there are four rhymed stanzas on death that were not written as a part of *Thanatopsis* and yet have merits which would have ranked them high amongst another man's juvenilia.

To appreciate fully what the publication of such verse as *Thanatopsis* and the other Bryant poems meant, it is worth while to look at the volume of the *North American Review* which contained them. We find ourselves carried back into the very time of 1817 by a long review of Scott's *Tales of My Landlord*, with copious extracts. In the last paragraph of the notice we read:

"If Mr. Scott be the author of these works—and we scarcely doubt it—he possesses a genius as prolifick and versatile as any on record. . . . If we do not err widely, he holds the tenure of his immorality [*sic*] most firmly by his novels."

Evidently we have not gone back far



New York March 31. 1876

Dear Sir

I have made a paragraph of the information— the printed extracts— sent me in your letter concerning your Dictionary of Congress & Biographical Annals.

The poem in question is an old affair. It appeared some fifteen or twenty years since, under my name at first, & after a while I was obliged, in self defence, to disclaim its authorship, as it was not written by me.—

Yours truly,
W. C. Bryant.

FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTER BY BRYANT.

enough to escape the proof-reader. But more significant, for our present consideration, is the sort of verse the *Review* published. It cannot be that editors who recognised so promptly the beauty of *Thanatopsis* knew no better; it must have been that, like some later editors, they had to take what they could get. What manner of thing it often was may be inferred from a single quotation. These are the opening lines of a poem "On a Painting of Colonel John Trumbull, representing a scene from Scott's 'Lady of the Lake'":

"Amid the brilliant group, which lib'ral taste
Selects to gild its mansion, and to charm
The virtuoso's eye, the landscape fair,
The form pourtray'd that from the canvas starts,
With breathing lip and feature, one there is
That mingles all this magick."

Any comment upon the difference between *Thanatopsis* and this sort of thing would of course be superfluous.

In the six years that fell between the writing and the publication of *Thanatopsis* Bryant had been constantly writing verses. It was always his habit to destroy far more than he published, but this early period must not be passed without a mention of another one of the poems which could be least easily spared. It is told that in December of 1815 he was walking one day from Cum-

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mington to Plainfield—where a few years later Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was trying to milk his father's cows to the rhythm of *Thanatopsis*—when a solitary bird flew steadily across the light that had been left by the setting sun. Bryant stood and watched it till it disappeared, and at the end of his walk sat down immediately and wrote the lines "To a Waterfowl," which, appearing in 1818 in the *North American*, went far to show that the earlier poems were not merely chance shots, never to be repeated.

As a lawyer in Great Barrington we find him serious, hard working, more fond, perhaps, of nature than of men, but highly enough esteemed of them to be appointed a tithing man and town clerk. In this second capacity it was his duty to publish all banns of marriage, which was ordinarily done by his reading them aloud in church. Instead of doing this with one notice, he pinned it on the door of the church vestibule, where it could not be seen; yet it was the announcement, all-important to him, of his own marriage, on June 11th, 1821, to Miss Frances Fairchild. How holy a day it was to him whose simple, religious faith was a very real part of all his long life, is shown in a prayer for Divine blessing upon the marriage, found among his papers after death. How close the union was with her whom we are permitted to recognise as "fairest of the rural maids," and the inspiration of poems like "The Future Life" and "The Life that Is," Mr. G. W. Curtis has told us in saying that "his wife was his only really intimate friend, and when she died he had no other."

With all the seriousness with which Bryant took his marriage—and his father's death, celebrated in the "Hymn to Death," had just made him doubly serious—he was quite capable of writing to his mother at this time one of the letters that best reveal the vein of humour that was in him:

"DEAR MOTHER: I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me.

"Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighbouring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman, pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose, and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistical expressions, which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side, and I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world."

It was in this same year, 1821, that, through the influence of R. H. Dana, who was destined to be the poet's life-long friend and correspondent, Bryant was asked to read the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. To this invitation he responded with "The Ages," and the result of his visit to Boston and Cambridge was the publication of his first acknowledged volume, a small affair in bulk, but memorable as containing in its eight poems some of the best work that Bryant ever did. This year of 1821, by the way, was a year of eminent beginnings, a date of importance in the literary history of Cooper, Halleck, Dana, Miss Sedgwick, and a half dozen others whose names mean something to the student of American letters; and only the year before had Irving's second success, the *Sketch-Book*, appeared.

Bryant's glimpse of Cambridge and Boston did not go to increase his content in the practice of a profession for which he had never cared, in a community which now seemed to him smaller than ever. It is interesting to speculate, as some have done, on what would have been Bryant's development if on leaving Great Barrington he had gone to Boston instead of to New York. As we look back upon the two cities as they were seventy years ago, we can hardly wonder that he chose New York. Surely the more interesting men of the time were there, and the recovery from Puritanism had not then advanced far enough to give Boston the place it was soon to take as a seat of the arts. But aside from speculations as to what might have been, the fact was that his disgust with the injustice of a decision in one of his legal cases, and the confidence of his

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friend, Mr. Henry Sedgwick, that his pen would earn him success in New York, fell opportunely together, and in 1825 we find him ardently entering upon the new, broader life.

The rewards of literature were not great in those days. Before leaving Great Barrington Bryant had been receiving two dollars each for poems contributed to the *United States Literary Gazette* in Boston. The "Forest Hymn" was one of these. Late in life Mr. Bryant was told by a friend that he had just given twenty dollars for a copy of the little Cambridge volume of 1821. "More by a long shot," said Mr. Bryant, "than I received for writing the whole work." Nor were his first enterprises in New York of a lucrative nature. As an associate editor of one magazine, long ago dead, and as a contributor to others that have departed with it, his chief reward must have been in the pleasure of the work. Doubtless this was also true of the lectures on Poetry and Mythology which he found opportunity to deliver. Certainly it must have been the case with his work in conjunction with his good friends, Sands and Verplanck, on the *Talisman*, one of those strange gift-book products of the younger century—an "affection's tribute" or "friendship's offering," in which it was difficult to tell whether the text was made to illustrate the pictures, or *vice versâ*. Some day an entertaining chapter of our literary annals will be written on these monuments of a superseded taste. In all these early New York days Bryant's friendships—with Cooper, for example, and the other members of the "Bread and Cheese Club"—give the brighter colours to his story. The darker side was in the struggle for a livelihood, and when a temporary assistant editorship of the *Evening Post* became, in 1829, a permanent employment, he gleefully wrote to his friend Dana, "You know politics and a bellyfull are better than poetry and starvation." In a few months the chief editor died, and Bryant, with a share in the ownership of the paper, was promoted to the vacant position, and here he remained until the end of his life, nearly fifty years later.

It is because the life of an editor is outwardly uneventful that we have been able to dwell, at a length that may seem at first thought disproportionate, on the earlier part of Bryant's career. Now that we may leave him established in one chair, so to speak, for half a century, there is ample time to see what manner of man he was. Such geniality as that of Irving and a few other men in whom strength and sweetness are combined does not seem to have been Bryant's possession. It was necessary to know him well to love him. Of righteous indignation he was apparently quite capable—perhaps of something more—for in one of the poems which speaks most truly from his deeper nature he writes :

> "And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
> Has left its frightful scar upon my soul."

This might be taken as one of the bits of self-accusation in which the most blameless of poets sometimes indulge, were it not for an incident of which his biographers make no mention. The diary of a New York gentleman tells us that he was shaving one morning, in 1831, when he saw Bryant, across the street, striking a fellow-editor, William L. Stone, with a cowhide, which Stone bore off when the bystanders had separated the combatants. It is the more to Bryant's credit that with a natural temper, to which, under the old amenities of journalism, he could give such an utterance, he attained so true a poise and dignity as time went on.

The vigour of his character is shown nowhere more clearly than in his record as an editor. As a Democrat first, as a Free Soil man and a founder of the new Republican Party in later years, he spoke through his paper's columns whatever he considered the truth, in spite of consequences that for the time were clearly disadvantageous. Once a mob threatened his office, and at other times, through his opposition to the Whigs, the party of respectability, and to slavery, he forfeited nearly all claim to personal popularity ; and the *Post* suffered with him. His remarks upon Nicholas Biddle's death caused Philip Hone to enter in his diary :

> "How such a black-hearted misanthrope as Bryant should possess an imagination teeming with beautiful poetical images astonishes me ; one would as soon expect to extract drops of honey from the fangs of the rattlesnake."

But such opinions as these were merely the price of independence. As more of his fellow-citizens came to think as Bry-

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ant did about the tariff—that is, as the New York *Evening Post* still thinks—as they learned the sturdy honesty of his convictions, and felt the wise patriotism of his utterances, especially in all that related to the war, the results of independence were shown in the editor's prosperity and honour.

Of all the many forms in which this honour came to him, this is no place to give a catalogue. Public office of all sorts Bryant avoided, though the highest distinctions were put within his reach. It was to him that all men looked for the expression of the public loss when such men as Cooper and Irving died. The volumes of his Memorial Addresses and of the Traveller's Letters, written to the *Post* at various times while he was abroad, tell us how little the haste of journalism was allowed to hurt his prose. "I would sooner the paper would go to press without an editorial article," he once said to an associate, "than send to the printer one I was not satisfied with." What the newspaper doubtless helped him to achieve was a quickness of mental working, which stood him in good stead when in later life he was often called upon to acknowledge public compliments. We can hardly think he took joy of all the tributes to his fame. To be exhibited as he was by the Governor of New York to both houses of the Legislature at Albany in 1875 must have been a rather melancholy pleasure, however fully he deserved his introduction as "the most distinguished citizen of our State." Yet the happy word of acknowledgment always came to his lips. There was never a better instance of this than in the anecdote with which he began his thanks for a silver vase given him by national subscription in honour of his eightieth birthday. He told of the presentation of a silver pitcher to an English militia officer; the spokesman for the company, losing his self-possession, could say nothing but, "Captain, here's the jug;" to which the captain, in a similar plight, replied, "Aye, is that the jug?" Of course the likeness between Bryant and the captain stopped there, for a most graceful speech followed.

Yet our heartiest liking for the man comes from other sources than his public fame. His letters to friends and such knowledge of his private life as Mr. Parke Godwin, his son-in-law and most complete biographer, has given to all who care to read, reveal the health, simplicity, and devotion of a nature which has not been ill described in the term "a Puritan Greek." A strong part of the health of this nature was in its love of health. The child who was dipped in the Cummington spring cared for himself in later years by rising early enough in the morning to exercise with dumb-bells, pole, and horizontal bar for an hour or more before breakfast, by adhering to a diet of Spartan simplicity, by walking, rain or shine, to and from his office, three miles from his house in town, and by getting as near to nature in his life as he ever tried to come in his poems. Only a few weeks before his death, his second biographer, the Hon. John Bigelow, asked him if he never varied even then from his earlier rules of exercise. "Not the width of your thumb-nail," was the reply. Evidently the unbroken city life was not for such a man, and as early as 1843 he became the owner of "Cedarmere," a place in the Long Island town of Roslyn, so named by the poet himself from the fact that the British evacuating the island in 1781, had marched away from this particular region to the tune of "Roslyn Castle." Minute directions for the planting of blackberries, written from Europe in 1857, are but one of the evidences of the thought he gave to his country home. A visitor has recorded another item that should not be forgotten. The gardener had nearly sawn off the limb of a tree, on which Mr. Bryant happened to notice a bird's nest. He stopped the man's work at once, and by an interlacing of ropes had the limb fastened into its place until the young birds the nest had sheltered could shift for themselves. Neither to Roslyn nor to Cummington, where Bryant, in 1865, purchased his father's house, would he bring or do a line of his newspaper work. But each of these towns possesses to-day—one in a public hall, the other in a library, the gifts of the poet—substantial proof that he did not regard the country as a place for letting the mind lie fallow.

Bryant's quiet Christian belief was intimately an element of his nature. Throughout his life it found expression in public and private word and deed. Yet it was not until 1858, when Mrs. Bryant was dangerously ill at Naples, that he united himself definitely with any body of Christians. The account

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which the Rev. R. C. Waterston, of the Unitarian Church, has left of the poet's baptism in a "large upper room," overlooking the bay, brings up a picture of apostolic simplicity and beauty.

A few months later Hawthorne met Bryant at the house of the Brownings in Florence. Mrs. Bryant's illness was felt to be inevitably fatal in time, and Hawthorne, knowing this, wrote a few words, which for shrewdness of insight have a value all their own—and his:

"I take him to be one who cannot get closely home to his sorrow, nor feel it so sensibly as he gladly would; and in consequence of that deficiency, the world lacks substance to him. It is partly the result, perhaps, of his not having sufficiently cultivated his emotional nature. His poetry shows it and his personal intercourse, though kindly, does not stir one's blood in the least."

Making some necessary allowance for Hawthorne's never having known Bryant well, the analyst of character and poetry might carry this speculation deep into a study of Bryant; but let him remember that Hawthorne pointed out the way.

It was like a man of Bryant's well-disciplined spirit to fill with a great task the hours of desolation that followed his wife's death in 1866. This task was the translation of Homer, and between 1866 and 1871 he had rendered both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into the English verse through which they are probably best known to-day to American readers. Forty lines a day was his rule, almost of the *nulla dies sine libro* order.

There has been no attempt here to keep up a chronological account of Bryant's poetical work after its first specimens showed what it was constantly to be. There were other literary undertakings, largely editorial, which we need not even stop to name. But we should give at least a moment to the thought that Bryant's work in one important respect separates itself from the work of many other men. It can almost always be shown how their books reflect the circumstances of their lives; what we see in Bryant's legacy to us is that he was a poet in spite of circumstance. It may be objected that the best writing of any sort is the most autobiographic, but surely it is one thing to draw upon our daily lives for the scenes and incidents of prose, and it is quite another to live each day a busy life of affairs, and yet leave the world the richer for pages of print which give to the life of the spirit its true pre-eminence.

Perhaps Bryant's strongest appeal to the human mind is in his view of death, his thanatopsis, if his special word may be made a general term. It was fitting, therefore, that death should have come to him when, of all men, he must have been most ready to meet it. Honours and years were his in abundance, and with them his mind and body held undiminished vigour. On May 29th, 1878, he delivered an address at the unveiling of the Mazzini statue in Central Park. The heat was great, and Mr. Bryant showed fatigue after his speech was done. Yet he insisted on walking across the Park, in acceptance of an invitation to the house of a friend, who, stepping before him to unlock the front door, heard a fall, and turned to see Mr. Bryant lying on the upper step, on which his head had struck with violence. Unconsciousness followed, and, taken to his own house, No. 24 West Sixteenth Street, he died on June 12th, having entered the second half of his eighty-fourth year. When he was buried at Roslyn, a few days later, the reading of his poem "June" was a part of the service. Indeed, it could hardly have been omitted.

By reason of his long-continued life, Bryant seems nearer to our own day than, as a poet, he really is. Historically he must be remembered as the first American poet of distinction—first in poetry as Irving was first in one form of prose and Cooper in another. The body of his poetic work is small, and the greater portion of it is manifestly destined to be forgotten. But with *Thanatopsis* and the handful of other lines which seem framed for a longer existence, shall we not preserve our memories of the man himself? For the celebration of his seventieth birthday Whittier wrote a poem in which there is one stanza that bears a closer application to Bryant than to almost any other poet of whom one can think. With the good Friend's words, then, let us leave him:

"We praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song;
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong."

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the fourth paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "Edgar Allan Poe." It will appear in the May number.

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IN ÆTERNUM.

When I was still a living man,
  And ere the years of life were spent,
My fearful fancy often ran
  On what would be my punishment.

For I had sinned as only few
  In human form have sinned as yet ;
And, though suspicion slept, I knew
  That God would wait and not forget.

This hideous form it seemed to take,
  That I was doomed where none could save
To die yet not to die, but wake
  Amid the damps that fill the grave.

And oftentimes in fearful dreams,
  When all was dark and I was hid,
I heard my own half-stifled screams
  From underneath the coffin-lid.

Five days ago life left its cell . .
  Long, shuddering silence . . . then I knew
That I had died, and oh, too well
  That all the dreadful dream was true.

Black darkness weighs my eyeballs down,
  The leaden coffin's close embrace
Keeps pressing, like a devil's crown,
  The cere-cloth on a ghastly face.

I struggle hard to stir, to speak,
  To beg of Christ another fate,—
To cry aloud, to curse, to shriek,
  To thrust away the leaden weight.

O depth of agony profound !
  No heart to break, no tear to shed,
No tongue to voice the awful sound
  Of him who dies and is not dead :

But o'er and o'er and o'er and o'er
  I think of all the ill I did,
That holds me down forevermore
  Beneath the leaden coffin-lid.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER IV.

LE PREMIER PAS.

"Be as one that knoweth and yet holdeth his tongue."

The little town of Algeciras lies, as many know, within sight of Gibraltar, and separated from that stronghold by a broad bay. It is on the mainland of Spain, and in direct communication by road with the great port of Cadiz. Another road, little better than a bridle-path, runs northward toward Ximena, and through the corkwood forests of that plain toward the mountain ranges that rise between Ronda and the sea.

By this bridle-path, it is whispered, a vast smuggled commerce has ever found passage to the mainland, and scarce a boatman or passenger lands at Algeciras from Gibraltar but carries somewhere on his person as much tobacco as he may hope to conceal with safety. Algeciras, with its fair, white houses, its prim church and sleepy quay, where the blue waters lap and sparkle in innocent sunlight, is, it is to be feared, a town of small virtue, and the habitation of scoundrels; for this is the stronghold of those *contrabandista* whom song and legend have praised as the boldest, the merriest, the most romantic of law-breakers. Indeed, in this country the man who can boast of a smuggling ancestry holds high his head and looks down on honest folk.

The *Granville*, having dropped anchor to the north of the rough stone pier, was soon disburdened of her passengers, the ladies going ashore with undisguised delight, and leaving behind them many gracious messages of thanks to the gentleman whose gallantry had resulted so disastrously, for Conyngham was still in bed, though now nearly recovered. Truth to tell, he did not hurry to make his appearance in the general cabin, and came on deck a few hours after the departure of the ladies, whose gratitude he desired to avoid.

Two days of the peerless sunshine of these southern waters completely restored him to health, and he prepared to go ashore. It was afternoon when his boat touched the beach, and the idlers, without whom no Mediterranean seaboard is complete, having passed the heat of the day in a philosophic apathy, amounting in many cases to a siesta, now roused themselves sufficiently to take a dignified and indifferent interest in the new arrival. A number of boys, an old soldier, several artillery men from the pretty and absolutely useless fort, a priest, and a female vendor of oranges put themselves about so much as to congregate in a little knot at the spot where Conyngham landed.

"Body of Bacchus!" said the priest, with a pinch of snuff poised before his long nose; "an Englishman. See his gold watch-chain."

This remark called forth several monosyllabic sounds, and the onlookers watched the safe discharge of Conyngham's personal effects with a characteristic placidity of demeanour, which was at once tolerant and gently surprised. That any one should have the energy to come ashore when he was comfortable on board, or leave the shore when amply provided there with sunshine, elbow-room, and other necessaries of life, presented itself to them as a fact worthy of note, but not of emulation. The happiest man is he who has reduced the necessities of life to a minimum.

No one offered to assist Conyngham. In Spain the onlooker keeps his hands in his pockets.

"The English, see you, travel for pleasure," said the old soldier, nodding his head in the direction of Gibraltar, pink and shimmering across the bay.

The priest brushed some stray grains of snuff from the front of his faded cassock, once black, but now of a greeny-brown. He was a singularly tall man, gaunt and gray, with deep lines drawn downward from eye to chin. His mouth was large and tender, with a humorous corner ever awaiting a jest. His eyes

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were sombre and deeply shaded by gray brows, but one of them had a twinkle lurking and waiting, as in the corner of his mouth.

"Every one stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet," he said, and, turning, he courteously raised his hat to Conyngham, who passed at that moment on his way to the hotel. The little knot of onlookers broke up, and the boys wandered toward the fort, before the gate of which a game at bowls was in progress.

"The padre has a hungry look," reflected Conyngham. "Think I'll invite him to dinner."

For Geoffrey Horner had succeeded in conveying more money to the man who had taken his sins upon himself, and while Conyngham possessed money he usually had the desire to spend it.

Conyngham went to the Fonda della Marina, which stands to-day, a house of small comfort and no great outward cleanliness; but, as in most Spanish inns, the performance was better than the promise, and the bedroom offered to the traveller was nothing worse than bare and ill-furnished. With what Spanish he at this time possessed the Englishman made known his wants, and inquired of the means of prosecuting his journey to Ronda.

"You know the Captain-General Vincente of Ronda?" he asked.

"But yes; by reputation. Who does not in Andalusia?" replied the host, a stout man who had once cooked for a military mess at Gibraltar, and professed himself acquainted with the requirements of English gentlemen.

"I have a letter to General Vincente, and must go to Ronda as soon as possible. These are stirring times in Spain."

The man's bland face suddenly assumed an air of cunning, and he glanced over his shoulder to see that none overheard.

"Your excellency is right," he answered. "But for such as myself one side is as good as another. Is it not so? Carlist or Christino—the money is the same."

"But here in the South there are no Carlists."

"Who knows?" said the innkeeper with outspread hands. "Anything that his excellency requires shall be forthcoming," he added grandiosely. "This is the dining room, and here at the side a little saloon where the ladies sit. But at present we have only gentlemen in the hotel, it being the winter time."

"Then you have other guests?" inquired Conyngham.

"But yes; always. In Algeciras there are always travellers—noblemen, like his excellency, for pleasure; others for commerce, the government, the politics."

"No flies enter a shut mouth, my friend," said a voice at the door, and both turned to see the priest who had witnessed Conyngham's arrival standing in the doorway.

"Pardon, señor," said the old man, coming forward with his shabby hat in his hand—"pardon my interruption. I came at an opportune moment, for I heard the word politics."

He turned and shook a lean finger at the innkeeper, who was backing toward the door with many bows.

"Ah, bad Miguel!" he said. "Will you make it impossible for gentlemen to put up at your execrable inn? The man's cooking is superior to his discretion, señor. I, too, am a traveller, and for the moment a guest here. I have the honour. My name is Concha, the Padra Concha, a priest, as you see."

Conyngham nodded and laughed frankly.

"Glad to meet you," he said. "I saw you as I came along. My name is Conyngham, and I am an Englishman, as you hear. I know very little Spanish."

"That will come, that will come," said the priest, moving toward the window. "Perhaps too soon, if you are going to stay any length of time in this country. Let me advise you; do not learn our language too quickly."

He shook his head and moved toward the open window.

"See to your girths before you mount. Eh? Here is the veranda, where it is pleasant in the afternoon. Shall we be seated? That chair has but three legs. Allow me; this one is better."

He spoke with the grave courtesy of his countrymen, for every Spaniard, even the lowest muleteer, esteems himself a gentleman, and knows how to act as such. The Padre Concha had a pleasant voice, and a habit of gesticulating slowly with one large and not too clean hand that suggested the pulpit.

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He had led the way to a spacious veranda, where there were small tables and chairs, and at the outer corners orange-trees in square green boxes.

"We will have a bottle of wine. Is it not so? Yes," he said, and gravely clapped his hands together to summon the waiter, an Oriental custom still in use in the Peninsular.

The wine was brought and duly uncorked, during which ceremony the priest waited and watched with the preoccupied air of a host careful for the entertainment of his guest. He tasted the wine critically.

"It might be worse," he said. "I beg you to excuse it not being better."

There was something simple in the old man's manner that won Conyngham's regard.

"The wine is excellent," he said. "It is my welcome to Spain."

"Ah! Then this is your first visit to this country," the priest said indifferently, his eyes wandering to the open sea, where a few feluccas lay becalmed.

"Yes."

Conyngham turned and looked toward the sea also. It was late in the afternoon, and a certain drowsiness of the atmosphere made conversation even between comparative strangers a slower, easier matter than with us in the brisk North. After a moment the Englishman turned with, perhaps, the intention of studying his companion's face, only to find the deep gray eyes fixed on his own.

"Spain," said the padre, "is a wonderful country—rich, beautiful, with a climate like none in Europe; . . . but God and the devil come to closer quarters here than elsewhere. Still, for a traveller—for pleasure—I think this country is second to none."

"I am not exactly a traveller for pleasure, my father."

"Ah!" and Concha drummed idly on the table with his fingers.

"I left England in haste," added Conyngham lightly.

"Ah!"

"And it will be inexpedient for me to return for some months to come. I thought of taking service in the army, and have a letter to General Vincente, who lives at Ronda, as I understand, sixty miles from here, across the mountains."

"Yes," said the priest thoughtfully; 'Ronda is sixty miles from here, across the mountains."

He was watching a boat, which approached the shore from the direction of Gibraltar. The wind having dropped, the boatmen had lowered the sail and were now rowing, giving voice to a song, which floated across the smooth sea sleepily. It was an ordinary Algeciras wherry, built to carry a little cargo and perhaps a dozen passengers, a fishing-boat that smelt strangely of tobacco. The shore was soon reached, and the passengers, numbering half a dozen, stepped over the gunwale on to a small landing-stage. One of them was better dressed than his companions, a smart man with a bright flower in the buttonhole of his jacket, carrying the flowing cloak, brightly lined with coloured velvet, without which no Spaniard goes abroad at sunset. He looked toward the hotel, and was evidently speaking of it with a boatman, whose attitude was full of promise and assurance.

The priest rose and emptied his glass.

"I must ask you to excuse me. Vespers wait for no man, and I hear the bell," he said with a grave bow, and went indoors.

Left to himself, Conyngham lapsed into the easy reflections of a man whose habit it is to live for the present, leaving the future and the past to take care of themselves. Perhaps he thought, as some do, that the past dies—which is a mistake. The past only sleeps, and we carry it with us through life, slumbering. Those are wise who bear it gently, so that it may never be aroused.

The sun had set, and Gibraltar, a huge couchant lion across the bay, was fading into the twilight of the east, when a footstep in the dining-room made Conyngham turn his head, half expecting the return of Father Concha. But in the doorway, and with the evident intention of coming toward himself, Conyngham perceived a handsome, dark-faced man, of medium height, with a smart moustache brushed upward, clever eyes, and the carriage of a soldier. This stranger unfolded his cloak, for in Spain it is considered ill-mannered to address a stranger and remain cloaked.

"Señor," he said, with a gesture of the hat courteous, and yet manly enough to savour more of the camp than the

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court—"señor, I understand that you are journeying to Ronda."

"Yes."

"I, too, intended to go across the mountains, and hoped to arrive here in time to accompany friends, who, I hear, have already started on their journey. I have also received letters which necessitate my return to Malaga. You have already divined that I come to ask a favour."

He brought forward a chair and sat down, drawing from his pocket a silver cigarette-case, which he offered to the Englishman. There was a certain picturesqueness in the man's attitude and manner. His face and movements possessed a suggestion of energy which seemed out of place here in the sleepy South, and stamped him as a native, not of dreamy Andalusia, but of La Mancha, perhaps, where the wit of Spain is concentrated; or of fiery Catalonia, where discontent and unrest are in the very atmosphere of the brown hills. This was a Spanish gentleman in the best sense of the word, as scrupulous in personal cleanliness as any Englishman, polished, accomplished, bright, and fascinating, and yet carrying with him a subtle air of melancholy and romance which lingers still among the men and women of aristocratic Spain.

"'Tis but to carry a letter," he explained, "and to deliver it into the hand of the person to whom it is addressed. Ah, I would give five years of life to touch that hand with my lips!"

He sighed, gave a little laugh which was full of meaning and yet quite free from self-consciousness, and lighted a fresh cigarette. Then, after a little pause, he produced the letter from an inner pocket, and laid it on the table in front of Conyngham. It was addressed, "To the Señorita G. B.," and had a subtle scent of mignonette. The envelope was of a delicate pink.

"A love-letter," said Conyngham bluntly.

The Spaniard looked at him and shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah! you do not understand," he said, "in that cold country of the North. If you stay in Spain perhaps some dark-eyed one will teach you. But," and his manner changed with theatrical rapidity as he laid his slim hand on the letter, "if, when you see her, you love her, I will kill you."

Conyngham laughed and held out his hand for the letter.

"It is insufficiently addressed," he said practically. "How shall I find this lady?"

"Her name is Barenna—the Señorita Barenna. That is sufficient in Ronda."

Conyngham took up the letter and examined it.

"It is of importance," he said.

"Of the utmost."

"And of value?"

"Of the greatest value in the world to me."

The Spaniard rose and took up his cloak, which he had thrown over the back of the nearest chair, not forgetting to display a picturesque corner of its bright lining.

"You swear you will deliver it, only with your own hand, only to the hand of the Señorita Barenna! And you will observe the strictest secrecy."

"Oh, yes," answered Conyngham carelessly; "if you like."

The Spaniard turned, and leaning one hand on the table, looked almost fiercely into his companion's face.

"You are an Englishman," he said, "and an Englishman's word—is it not known all the world over?"

"In the North, in my country, where Wellington fought, the peasants still say, 'Word of an Englishman,' instead of an oath."

He threw his cloak over his shoulder and stood looking down at his companion with a little smile, as if he were proud of him.

"There!" he said. "*Adios*. My name is Larralde; but that is of no consequence. *Adios*."

With a courteous bow he took his leave, and Conyngham presently saw him walking down to the landing-stage. It seemed that this strange visitor was about to depart as abruptly as he had come. Conyngham rose and walked to the edge of the veranda, where he stood watching the departure of the boat in which his new friend had taken passage.

While he was standing there the old priest came quietly out of the open window of the dining-room. He saw the letter lying on the table where Conyngham had left it. He approached, his shabby old shoes making no sound on the wooden flooring, and read the address written on the pink and scented

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envelope. When the Englishman at length turned he was alone on the veranda with the wine-bottle, the empty glasses, and the letter.

CHAPTER V.

CONTRABAND.

"What rights are his that dares not strike for them?"

An hour before sunrise two horses stood shuffling their feet and chewing their bits before the hotel of the Marina at Algeciras, while their owner, a short and thick-set man of an exaggeratedly villainous appearance, attended to such straps and buckles as he suspected of latent flaws. The horses were lean and loose of ear, with a melancholy thoughtfulness of demeanour that seemed to suggest the deepest misgivings as to the future. Their saddles and other accoutrements were frankly theatrical, and would have been at once the delight of an artist and the despair of a saddler. Fringes and tassels of bright-coloured worsted depended from points where fringes and tassels were distinctly out of place. Where the various straps should have been strong they looked weak, and scarce a buckle could boast an innocence of knotted string. The saddles were of wood, and calculated to inflict serious internal injuries to the rider in case of a fall. They stood at least a foot above the horse's backbone, raised on a thick cushion upon the ribs of the animal, and leaving a space in the middle for the secretion of tobacco and other contraband merchandise.

"I'll take the smallest cutthroat of the crew," Conyngham had said on the occasion of an informal parade of guides the previous evening. And the host of the Fonda, in whose kitchen the function had taken place, explained to Concepcion Vara that the English excellency had selected him on his, the host's, assurance that Algeciras contained no other so honest.

"Tell him," answered Concepcion, with a cigarette between his lips and a pardonable pride in his eyes, "that my grandfather was a smuggler, and my father was shot by the *guardia civile* near Algatocin."

Concepcion, having repaired one girth and shaken his head dubiously over another, lighted a fresh cigarette and gave a little shiver, for the morning air was keen. He discreetly coughed. He had seen Conyngham breakfasting by the light of a dim oil lamp of a shape and make unaltered since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, and without appearing impatient wished to convey to one gentleman the fact that another awaited him.

Before long Conyngham appeared, having paid an iniquitous bill with the recklessness that is only thoroughly understood by the poor. He appeared as usual to be at peace with all men, and returned his guide's grave salutation with an easy nod.

"These the horses?" he inquired.

Concepcion Vara spread out his hands.

"They have no equal in Andalusia," he said.

"Then I am sorry for Andalusia," answered Conyngham, with a pleasant laugh.

They mounted and rode away in the dim, cool light of the morning. The sea was of a deep blue, and rippled all over as in a picture. Gibraltar, five miles away, loomed up like a gray cloud against the pink of sunrise. The whole world wore a cleanly look, as if the night had been passed over its face like a sponge wiping away all that was unsightly or evil. The air was light and exhilarating, and scented by the breath of aromatic weeds growing at the roadside.

Concepcion sang a song as he rode—a song almost as old as his trade—declaring that he was a smuggler bold. And he looked it, every inch. The road to Ronda lies through the corkwoods of Ximena, leaving St. Roque on the right hand; such at least was the path selected by Conyngham's guide; for there are many ways over the mountains, and none of them to be recommended. Beguiling the journey with cigarette and song, calling at every *venta* on the road, exchanging chaff with every woman and a quick word with all men, Concepcion faithfully fulfilled his contract, and as the moon rose over the distant snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada, pointed forward to the lights of Gaucin, a mountain village with an evil reputation.

The dawn of the next day saw the travellers in the saddle again, and the road was worse than ever. A sharp ascent led them up from Gaucin to regions where foliage grew scarcer at every step

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and cultivation was unknown. At one spot they turned to look back, and saw Gibraltar like a tooth protruding from the sea. The straits had the appearance of a river, and the high land behind Ceuta formed the farther bank of it.

"There is Africa," said Concepcion gravely, and after a moment turned his horse's head up-hill again. The people of these mountain regions were as wild in appearance as their country. Once or twice the travellers passed a shepherd herding sheep or goats on the mountain-side, himself clad in goatskin with a great brown cloak floating from his shoulders, a living picture of Ishmael or those wild sons of his who dwelt in the tents of Kedar. A few muleteers drew aside to let the horses pass, and exchanged some words in an undertone with Conyngham's guide. Fine-looking brigands were these, with an armoury of knives peeping from their bright-coloured waistbands. The Andalusian peasant is, for six days in the week, calculated to inspire awe by his clothing and general appearance. Of a dark skin and hair, he usually submits his chin to the barber's office but once a week, and the timid traveller would do well to take the road on Sundays only. Toward the end of the week, and notably on a Saturday, every passer-by is an unshorn brigand, capable of the darkest deeds of villainy, while twenty-four hours later the land will be found to be peopled by as clean and honest and smart, and withal as handsome, a race of men as any on earth.

Before long all habitations were left behind, and the horses climbed from rock to rock like cats. There was no suggestion of pathway or landmark, and Concepcion paused once or twice to take his bearings. It was about two in the afternoon when, after descending the bed of a stream long since dried up, Concepcion called a halt, and proposed to rest the horses while he dined. As on the previous day, the guide's manner was that of a gentleman, conferring a high honour with becoming modesty, when he sat down beside Conyngham and untied his small sack of provisions. These consisted of dried figs and bread, which he offered to his companion before beginning to eat. Conyngham shared his own stock of food with his guide, and subsequently smoked a cigarette which that gentleman offered him. They were thus pleasantly engaged when a man appeared on the rocks above them, in a manner and with a haste that spoke but ill of his honesty. The guide looked up, knife in hand, and made answer to a gesture of the arm with his own hand upraised.

"Who is this?" said Conyngham. "Some friend of yours? Tell him to keep his distance, for I don't care for his appearance."

"He is no friend of mine, excellency. But the man is, I dare say, honest enough. In these mountains it is only of the *guardia civile* that one must beware. They have ever the finger on the trigger, and shoot without warning."

"Nevertheless," said the Englishman, now thoroughly on the alert, "let him state his business at a respectable distance. Ah! he has a comrade and two mules."

And, indeed, a second man of equally unprepossessing exterior now appeared from behind a great rock leading a couple of heavily laden mules.

Concepcion and the first traveller, who was now within a dozen yards, were already exchanging words in a patois not unlike the Limousin dialect, of which Conyngham understood nothing.

"Stop where you are," shouted the Englishman in Spanish, "or else I shoot you! If there is anything wrong, Señor Vara," he added to the guide, "I shoot you first; understand that."

"He says," answered Concepcion with dignity, "that they are honest traders on the road to Ronda, and would be glad of our company. His excellency is at liberty to shoot if he is so disposed."

Conyngham laughed.

"No," he answered; "I am not anxious to kill any man, but each must take care of himself in these times."

"Not against an honest smuggler."

"Are these smugglers?"

"They speak as such. I know them no more than does his excellency."

The second newcomer was now within hail, and began at once to speak in Spanish. The tale he told was similar in every way to that translated by Concepcion from the Limousin dialect.

"Why should we not travel together to Ronda?" he said, coming forward with an easy air of confidence, which was of better effect than any protesta-

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tion of honesty. He had a quiet eye and the demeanour of one educated to loftier things than smuggling tobacco across the Sierra, though, indeed, he was no better clad than his companion. The two guides instinctively took the road together, Concepcion leading his horse, for the way was such that none could ride over it. Conyngham did the same, and his companion led the mule by a rope, as is the custom in Andalusia.

The full glare of the day shone down on them, the bare rock giving back a puff of heat that dried the throat. Conyngham was tired, and not too trustful of his companion, who, indeed, seemed to be fully occupied with his own thoughts. They had thus progressed a full half hour, when a shout from the rocks above caused them to halt suddenly. The white linen head-coverings of two *guardia civile* and the glint of the sun on their accoutrements showed at a glance that this was not a summons to be disregarded.

In an instant Concepcion's companion was leaping from rock to rock, with an agility only to be acquired in the hot fear of death. A report rang out and echoed among the hills. A bullet went "splat" against a rock near at hand, making a frayed blue mark upon the gray stone. The man dodged from side to side, in the panic-stricken irresponsibility of a rabbit seeking covert where none exists. There was not so much as to hide his head. Conyngham looked up toward the foe in time to see a puff of white smoke thrown up against the steely sky. A second report, and the fugitive seemed to trip over a stone; he recovered himself, stood upright for a moment, gave a queer, spluttering cough, and sat slowly down against a boulder.

"He is killed!" said Concepcion, throwing down his cigarette. "Mother of God, these *guardia civile!*"

The two guards came clambering down the face of the rock. Concepcion glanced at his late companion writhing in the sharpness of death.

"Here or at Ronda; to-day or to-morrow; what matters it?" muttered the quiet-eyed man at Conyngham's side. The Englishman turned and looked at him.

"They will shoot me, too; but not now."

Concepcion sullenly awaited the arrival of the guards. These men ever hunt in couples of a widely different age, for the law has found that an old head and a young arm form the strongest combination. The elder of the two had the face of an old, gray wolf. He muttered some order to his companion and went toward the mule. He cut away the outer covering of the burden suspended from the saddle and nodded his head wisely. These were boxes of cartridges to carry one thousand each. The gray old man turned and looked at him who lay on the ground.

"*A la longa*," he said, with a grim smile. "In the long run, Antonio."

The man gave a sickly grin, and opened his mouth to speak, but his jaw dropped instead, and he passed across that frontier which is watched by no earthly sentinel.

"This gentleman," said the quiet-eyed man, whose guide had thus paid for his little mistake in refusing to halt at the word of command, "is a stranger to me—an Englishman, I think."

"Yes," answered Conyngham.

The old soldier looked from one to the other.

"That may be," he said; "but he sleeps in Ronda prison to-night. To-morrow the Captain-General will see to it."

"I have a letter to the Captain-General," said Conyngham, who drew from his pocket a packet of papers. Among these was the pink, scented envelope given to him by the man called Larralde at Algeciras. He had forgotten its existence, and put it back in his pocket with a smile. Having found that for which he sought, he gave it to the guard, who read the address in silence, and returned the letter.

"You I know," he said, turning to the man at Conyngham's side, who merely shrugged his shoulders; "and Concepcion Vara, we all know him."

Concepcion had lighted a cigarette, and was murmuring a popular air with the indifferent patience and the wandering eye of perfect innocence. The old soldier turned and spoke in an undertone to his comrade, who went toward the dead man and quietly covered his face with the folds of his own *faja* or waistcloth. This he weighted at the corners with stones, carrying out this simple office to the dead with a suggestive indifference. To this day the

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guardia civile have plenary power to shoot whomsoever they think fit, flight and resistance being equally fatal.

No more heeding the dead body of the man whom he had shot than he would have heeded the carcase of a rat, the elder of the two soldiers now gave the order to march, commanding Concepcion to lead the way.

"It will not be worth your while to risk a bullet by running away," he said. "This time it is probably a matter of a few pounds of tobacco only."

The evening had fallen ere the silent party caught sight of the town of Ronda, perched, as the Moorish strongholds usually are, on a height. Ronda, as history tells, was the last possession of the brave and gifted Moslems in Spain. The people are half-Moorish still, and from the barred windows look out deep almond eyes and patient faces that have no European feature. The narrow streets were empty as the travellers entered the town, and the clatter of the mules, slipping and stumbling on the cobble-stones, brought but few to the doors of the low-built houses. To enter Ronda from the south, the traveller must traverse the Moorish town, which is divided from the Spanish quarter by a cleft in the great rock that renders the town impregnable to all attack. Having crossed the bridge spanning the great gorge, into which the sun never penetrates, even at midday, the party emerged into the broader streets of the more modern town, and, turning to the right through a high gateway, found themselves in a barrack-yard of the *guardia civile*.

CHAPTER VI.

AT RONDA.

"Le plus grand art d'un habile homme est celui de savoir cacher son habileté."

When Conyngham awoke, after a night conscientiously spent in that profound slumber which waits on an excellent digestion and a careless heart, he found the prison attendant at his bedside. A less easy-going mind would, perhaps, have leapt to some nervous conclusion at the sight of this fierce-visaged janitor, who, however, carried nothing more deadly in his hand than a card.

"It is the Captain-General," said he, "who calls at this early hour. His excellency's letter has been delivered, and the Captain-General scarce waited to swallow his morning chocolate."

"Very much to the Captain-General's credit," returned Conyngham, rising. "Cold water," he went on, "soap, a towl, and my luggage; and then the Captain-General."

The attendant, with an odd smile, procured the necessary articles, and when the Englishman was ready led the way downstairs. He was a solemn man from Galicia, where they do not smile.

In the *patio* of the great house, once a monastery, now converted into a barrack for the *guardia civile*, a small man of fifty years or more stood smoking a cigarette. On perceiving Conyngham he came forward, with outstretched hand and a smile which can only be described as angelic. It was a smile at once sympathetic and humorous, veiling his dark eyes between lashes almost closed, parting moustachioed lips to disclose a row of pearly teeth.

"My dear sir," said General Vincente, in very tolerable English, "I am at your feet. That such a mistake should have been made in respect to the bearer of a letter of introduction from my old friend, General Watterson—we fought together in Wellington's day—that such a mistake should have occurred overwhelms me with shame."

He pressed Conyngham's hand in both of his, which were small and white, looked up into his face, stepped back and broke into a soft laugh. Indeed, his voice was admirably suited to a lady's drawing-room, and suggested nought of the camp or battlefield. From the handkerchief, which he drew from his sleeve and passed across his white moustache, a faint scent floated on the morning air.

"Are you General Vincente?" asked Conyngham.

"Yes; why not?" And in truth the tone of the Englishman's voice had betrayed a scepticism which warranted the question.

"It is very kind of you to come so early. I have been quite comfortable, and they gave me a good supper last night," said Conyngham. "Moreover, the *guardia civile* are in no way to blame for my arrest. I was in bad company, it seems."

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"Yes; your companions were engaged in carrying ammunition for the Carlists. We have wanted to lay our hands upon them for some weeks. They have carried former journeys to a successful termination."

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"The guide Antonio something or other died, as I understand."

"Well, yes, if you choose to put it that way," admitted Conyngham.

The general raised his eyebrows in a gentle grimace, expressive of deprecation, with, as it were, a small solution of sympathy, indicated by a moisture of the eye for the family of Antonio something or other in their bereavement.

"And the other man? Seemed a nice enough fellow," inquired Conyngham.

The general raised one gloved hand, as if to fend off some approaching calamity.

"He died this morning at six o'clock."

Conyngham looked down at this gentle soldier with a dawning light of comprehension. This might, after all, be the General Vincente, whom he had been led to look upon as the fiercest of the Spanish Queen's adherents.

"Of the same complaint?"

"Of the same complaint," answered the general softly. He slipped his hand within Conyngham's arm, and thus affectionately led him across the *patio* toward the doorway, where sentinels stood at attention. He acknowledged the attitude of his subordinates by a friendly nod; indeed, this rosy-faced warrior seemed to brim over with the milk of human kindness.

"The English," he said, pressing his companion's arm, "have been too useful to us for me to allow one of them to remain a moment longer in confinement. You say you were comfortable. I hope they gave you a clean towel and all that."

"Yes, thanks," answered Conyngham, suppressing a desire to laugh.

"That is well. Ronda is a pleasant place, as you will find—most interesting; Moorish remains, you understand. I will send my servant for your baggage, and, of course, my poor house is at your disposition. You will stay with me until we can find some work for you to do. You wish to take service with us, of course?"

"Yes," answered Conyngham; "rather thought of it, if you will have me."

The general glanced up at his stalwart companion with a measuring eye.

"My house," he said, in a conversational way, as if only desirous of making matters as pleasant as possible in a life which nature had intended to be peaceful and sunny, and perhaps trifling, but which the wickedness of men had rendered otherwise—"my house is, as you would divine, only an official residence, but pleasant enough—pleasant enough. The garden is distinctly tolerable. There are orange-trees now in bloom, so sweet of scent."

The street into which they had now emerged was no less martial in appearance than the barrack-yard, and while he spoke the general never ceased to disperse his kindly little nod, on one side or the other, in response to military salutations.

"We have quite a number of soldiers in Ronda at present," he said, with an affectionate little pressure of Conyngham's arm, as if to indicate his appreciation of such protection amid these rough men. "There is a great talk of some rising in the South—in Andalusia—to support Señor Cabrera, who continually threatens Madrid. A great soldier, they tell me, this Cabrera; but not . . . well, not perhaps quite . . . eh? . . . a *caballero*, a gentleman. A pity, is it not?"

"A great pity," answered Conyngham, taking the opportunity at last afforded him of getting a word in.

"One must be prepared," went on the general, with a good-natured little sigh, "for such measures. There are so many mistaken enthusiasts. Is it not so? Such men as your countryman, Señor Flinter. There are so many who are stronger Carlists than Don Carlos himself—eh?"

The secret of conversational success is to defer to one's listener. A clever man imparts information by asking questions, and obtains it without doing so.

"This is my poor house," continued the soldier, and as he spoke he beamed on the sentries at the door. "I am a widower, but God has given me a daughter, who is now of an age to rule my household. Estella will endeavour to make you comfortable; and an English-

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man, a soldier, will surely overlook some small defects."

He finished with a good-natured laugh. There was no resisting the sunny good-humour of this rotund little officer or the gladness of his face. His attitude toward the world was one of constant endeavour to make things pleasant and acquit himself to his best in circumstances far beyond his merits or capabilities. He was one who had had good fortune all his days. Those who have greatness thrust upon them are never much impressed by their burden. And General Vincente had the air of constantly assuring his subordinates that they need not mind him.

The house to which he conducted Conyngham stood on the broad main street, immediately opposite a cluster of shops where leather bottles were manufactured and sold. It was a large, gloomy house, with a *patio* devoid of fountain and even of the usual orange-trees in green boxes.

"Through there is the garden, most pleasant and shady," said the general, indicating a doorway with the riding-whip he carried.

A troop of servants awaited them at the foot of the broad Moorish staircase, open on one side to the *patio*, and heavily carved in balustrade and cornice. These gentlemen bowed gravely; indeed, they were so numerous, that the majority of them must have had nothing to do but cultivate this dignified salutation.

"The señorita?" inquired the general.

"The señorita is in the garden, excellency," answered one with the air of a courtier.

"Then let us go there at once," said General Vincente, turning to Conyngham and gripping his arm affectionately.

They passed through a doorway, whither two men had hurried to open the heavy doors, and the scent of violets and mignonette, of orange in bloom, and of a hundred opening buds swept across their faces. The brilliant sunlight almost dazzled eyes that had grown accustomed to the cool shade of the *patio*, for Ronda is one of the sunniest spots on earth, and here the warmth is rarely oppressive. The garden was Moorish, and running water in aqueducts of marble, yellow with stupendous age, murmured in the shade of tropical plants. A fountain plashed and chattered softly, like the whispering of children. The pathways were paved with a fine white gravel of broken marble. There was no weed amid the flowers. It seemed a paradise to Conyngham, fresh from the gray and mournful Northern winter, and no part of this weary, busy world, for here was rest and silence, and that sense of eternity which is only conveyed by the continuous voice of running or falling water. It was hard to believe that this was real and earthly. Conyngham rubbed his eyes, and instinctively turned to look at his companion, who was as unreal as his surroundings. A round-faced, chubby little man, with a tender mouth and moist, dark eyes, looking kindly out upon the world, who called himself General Vincente, and the name was synonymous in all Spain with blood-thirstiness and cruelty, with daring and an unsparing generalship.

"Come," said he, "let us look for Estella."

He led the way along a path winding among almond and peach-trees in full bloom, in the shadow of the weird eucalyptus and the feathery pepper-tree. Then with a little word of pleasure he hurried forward.

Conyngham caught sight of a black dress and a black mantilla, of fair golden hair, and a fan upraised against the rays of the sun.

"Estella, here is a guest, Mr. Conyngham, one of the brave Englishmen who remember Spain in her time of trouble."

Conyngham bowed with a greater ceremony than we observe to-day, and stood upright to look upon that which was for him, from that moment, the fairest face in the world. As to some men success or failure seems to come early and in one bound, so for some Love lies long in ambush, to shoot at length a single and certain shaft. Conyngham looked at Estella Vincente, his gay blue eyes meeting her dark glance with a frankness which was characteristic, and knew from that instant that his world held no other woman. It came to him as a flash of lightning that left his former life gray and neutral, and yet he was conscious of no surprise, but rather of a feeling of having found something which he had long sought.

The girl acknowledged his salutation

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with a little inclination of the head, and a smile which was only of the lips, for her eyes remained grave and deep. She had all the dignity of carriage famous in Castilian women, though her figure was youthful still and slight. Her face was a clean-cut oval, with lips that were still and proud, and a delicately aquiline nose.

"My daughter speaks English better than I do," went on the general, in the garrulous voice of an exceedingly domesticated man. "She has been at school in England, at the suggestion of my dear friend Watterson—with his daughters, in fact."

"And must have found it dull and gray enough compared to Spain," said Conyngham.

"Ah! then you like Spain," said the general eagerly. "It is so with all the English. We have something in common despite the Armada, eh?—something in manner and in appearance, too; is it not so?"

He left Conyngham and walked slowly on with one hand at his daughter's waist.

"I was very happy in England," said Estella to Conyngham, who walked at her other side; "but happier still to get home to Spain."

Her voice was rather low, and Conyngham had an odd sensation of having heard it before.

"Why did you leave your home?" she continued, in a leisurely, conversational way, which seemed natural to the environments.

The question rather startled the Englishman, for the only answer seemed to be that he had quitted England in order to come to Ronda and to her, following the path in life that Fate had assigned to him.

"We have troubles in England also—political troubles," he said, after a pause.

"The Chartists," said the general cheerfully. "We know all about them, for we have the English newspapers. I procure them in order to have reliable news of Spain."

He broke off with a little laugh, and looked toward his daughter.

"In the evening Estella reads them to me. And it was on account of the Chartists that you left England?"

"Yes."

"Ah! you are a Chartist, Mr. Conyngham."

"Yes," admitted the Englishman after a pause, and he glanced at Estella.

(To be continued.)

PLAISIR D'AMOUR.

Plaisir d'amour, a low voice trilled,
Dure qu'un instant. The fountain stilled
Its noisy spray that she might sing.
The night-moth hovered on singèd wing
Over the lamps, and the music filled

A twisting maze Love had helped to build.
A surge of rapture my pulses thrilled.
The lute-strings leaped with a sharper ring—
Plaisir d'amour.

Chagrin d'amour, a sad voice shrilled,
Dure toute la vie—when love is killed.
Though deep to my soul may its sorrows sting,
I live for a moment if Fate but bring
To be mine for the moment what Love has willed—
Plaisir d'amour.

Ethel Morse.

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PARIS LETTER.

The book which has been most carefully read and most excitedly commented upon here during the last fortnight is unquestionably the Yellow Book; not Henry Harland's *Yellow Book*, though, but M. Hanotaux's, the book in which our Minister of Foreign Affairs has collected all the diplomatic correspondence he has seen fit to publish about the present phase of the eternal Eastern question. I doubt, however, whether that *Yellow Book* exactly falls within the province of THE BOOKMAN, although it is said to be on the slate that M. Hanotaux is to be elected to a seat in the French Academy when that illustrious body chooses a successor to the late Challemel-Lacour, who was at one time also a Minister of Foreign Affairs, and under whose auspices, if we are not mistaken, M. Hanotaux first entered the diplomatic career.

In spite, however, of the great attention paid to M. Hanotaux's official publication, the month has not been an uninteresting one from a literary standpoint. For instance, it witnessed the *début* of the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé as a novelist. *Jean d'Agrève*, his first effort in this new line of activity, had, of course, been first presented by instalments to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The academician who edits the celebrated *Revue* could not but be hospitable to the first work of fiction of his aristocratic colleague, who is, moreover, one of the regular contributors to that publication. But is *Jean d'Agrève* really a work of fiction? Gossip has it that the main facts of the novel have actually taken place, and that we have here, as is so often the case when a writer formerly otherwise occupied presents a novel to the public, an autobiographical chapter. We need not go far, therefore, in order to discover who Jean d'Agrève is. Who is Hélène, the woman who so boldly offers her love to him? Aristocratic circles have gravely discussed the matter, which hardly concerns THE BOOKMAN. From all these conversations I shall send you only the judgment of a witty octogenarian lady at the close of an animated conversation. 'So his novel is a history? Well! I am *not* surprised; for his *Heures d'Histoire* seemed to me pure fiction!"

Là-Haut, of Édouard Rod, has, like *Jean d'Agrève*, been first published in the *Revue*. It is kindly received. Mentioning Édouard Rod, I remember that he is pointed out by Georg Brandes as one of the very few French writers who have, and even he in a very slight degree only, been influenced by Scandinavian literature. Brandes's reason, by the way, for thus minimising the influence over France of Scandinavian literature is an excellent one. It is that Scandinavian literature is all but unknown in France. No one who has frequented Frenchmen of letters can fail to agree with Brandes. Nine tenths of the French Ibsenites, even more, are unable to come in contact with Ibsen otherwise than through translations, and the French translations of Ibsen are untrue both to Ibsen himself and to the spirit of the French language.

Another novel of the month has been decidedly more successful; it is *Le Maître de l'Heure*, by Hugues le Roux. The charming young lecturer and journalist seems to have opened up a new field to French writers of fiction. His characters are Arabs and French colonists of Algeria. But in order to succeed as he has done, it might, perhaps, be necessary to do what he did, to settle in Algeria, to share the labours, hopes, and fears of the colonists, and not simply to read up the subject and look at some canvases by Fromentin.

Far above all the novels, however, Paul Mariéton's *Une Histoire d'Amour* has caught the fancy of the public. It has run now through more than thirty editions, and continues to find as many readers as at the beginning. You know that the characters, the *Amants de Venise*, as M. Mariéton calls them, are George Sand and Alfred de Musset. It is a new *Elle et Lui*, or rather a new *Lui et Elle*. The publishers of George Sand's works, Calmann, Lévy and Co., are sueing the author for the unauthorised use of George Sand's letters. They also assail him as not sufficiently respectful toward the great novelist's memory. The accusation strikes one as rather interesting, coming from the firm which has published in the *Revue de Paris* so many letters which any care for George Sand's memory would have advised

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them to keep secret, or even to destroy. It is generally expected that they will lose their case. The district attorney sides with their opponent.

Plaintiff has lost in another case which also interests literature. Publisher Fasquelle sued a M. Antoine Laporte for dishonest competition in trade. The cause of the complaint was the publication by M. Laporte of a short work, *Zola contre Zola*, in which, in order to support his attacks against the novelist, he had gathered from Zola's works all the passages that are most redolent of —well, of what some people call Zolaism. The court has just decided that though *perfidious* criticism, the work *was* criticism, and that the object and effect of its publication had not been to deprive Messrs. Zola and Fasquelle of any part of their legitimate profits. M. Laporte, by the way, is the author of a larger work on Zola, *Émile Zola, l'Homme et l'Œuvre*, which does not amount to much as criticism, but which contains an excellent bibliography of Zola's works down to the year 1893.

As for Zola, while putting the finishing touches upon his *Paris*, the publication of which is soon to begin in *Le Journal*, he presents us with a work of a new kind, which does not seem, I am bound to say, to have won very great applause. He has written the words (I purposely avoid the word poem) for *Messidor*, a new musical work by Alfred Bruneau, which has just been performed at our Opera House. It seems that Zola was afraid to try his hands at verse writing, and, as he wanted no associate in the literary part of the work, the libretto of *Messidor* is in prose. The subject is an odd one. Zola himself expresses it thus :

"What have I intended? To give the poem of labour, the necessity and beauty of effort, faith in life, in the fruitfulness of the earth, hope in the deserved harvests of to-morrow. To imagine, on our land of France, a village, mountains where the brooks carry gold, and the inhabitants of which till now have lived on the gathering of that gold; and then to imagine that one of the inhabitants managed to secure all the gold by turning the brooks away, and thus ruined the whole village; then, in a catastrophe, sink all the gold, give the water back to the stony and untilled soil, whence there springs up the August harvest of wheat, after the inhabitants from gold washers have become land tillers."

The drama this month has been very "literary." Of course I do not allude here to Sardou's *Spiritisme*, which, in spite of Sarah Bernhardt's vivacious acting, has been the most complete and most deserved failure of all Sardou's career. But we have had, at the Théâtre Français, Pailleron's two *proverbes*, *Mieux vaut douceur . . . Et violence*, and Paul Hervieu's important comedy, *La Loi de l'Homme;* at the Vaudeville, Maurice Donnay's *La Douloureuse*, and at the Odéon Richepin's rustic comedy in verse, *Le Chemineau*. This last work is a real poem; it seems to be Richepin's best work thus far, and the success was very great. The book was published almost immediately after the first performance, and seems to take with the reading public as well as with the playgoers. The *chemineau*, the peasant, the tramp, who cannot, even with the best inducements, be brought to settle in any permanent place, is sure to occupy for quite a while a place in French conversation and literature, and I shall be much surprised if the word itself, hardly ever heard before, does not become one of the familiar words of the language. Everybody seems to be pleased with Richepin's success. He has sobered down a great deal since the days of *Les Blasphèmes* and *Nana Sahib*, and has ceased to try all the time to shock people. Cured of that fault, he is an excellent fellow, and an unequalled versifier, at times, though seldom, I own, a true poet.

Donnay's *La Douloureuse* is the young author's second important dramatic work. He had had quite a success with *Amants; La Douloureuse* is better still. I am sorry, though, that to a serious play he should have given a slang word for title. *La Douloureuse* is the slang for "the bill" in a restaurant; the idea, simple enough, to be sure, being that in life there is a bill to pay for all we have chosen. The plot is rather complicated, but the surroundings are very cleverly reproduced, and there are two or three very pathetic scenes. We shall hear again of Maurice Donnay.

We shall also, no doubt, of Paul Hervieu, whose play, *La Loi de l'Homme*, has exactly the same merits and the same faults as its predecessor, *Les Tenailles*. Women will like the play; it will be liked also by the lovers of heartrending situations; lovers of the traditional, simple, direct French language will simply hate it; but no one will feel indifferent toward it.

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I ought to mention also the publication of Brieux's *L'Évasion*, performed with some success a few weeks ago.

Pailleron's two one-act plays have been only moderately successful, though full of witty sayings. Together with a few other bits and ends he has published them with this queer title, *Pièces et Morceaux*.

Napoleon again! M. Frédéric Masson has just published the first volume of an excellent and well-written work, *Napoléon et sa Famille*. It will be an excellent guide through the enormous Napoleonic literature of the last few years, which has been admirably sifted by M. Masson. There is in the book also a good deal that was unpublished before.

At the same time we have a good little book, to be taken, though, *cum grano salis*, on Hortense Beauharnais; the author is M. C. d'Arguzon.

A few weeks ago one of the future members of the Goncourt Academy became a Knight of the Legion of Honour. When it was announced that J. H. Rosny was to be *décoré*, people wondered what it meant, as J. H. Rosny is the *nom de guerre* of two brothers who always write together. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Rambaud, got hold of the facts in time to avoid a ludicrous mistake, and when the decree came out the new knight appeared as J. H. Boex. He is the older of the Rosny brothers.

But will there be a Goncourt Academy? We do not yet know. The executors have still to face a lawsuit from relatives. Then the money is not yet in. Two of the Goncourt sales have already taken place—that of the drawings and paintings, and of the other works of art and curiosities of the eighteenth century. Japan still remains untouched. Everybody agrees that excellent prices have been realised, and yet we are still very far from the clear million and a half francs which is needed to carry out fully Goncourt's intentions. The drawings and paintings brought in 696,000 francs; the second sale raised the money on hand to about 925,000 francs. If the million and a half is not reached, and thewill is sustained, each *académician* will have to be satisfied with a reduced stipend.

A charming old woman of letters is soon to have a banquet organised in her honour. It is Clémence Royer, the first French translator of Darwin's works. Well do I remember her fighting with us against the Bonapartists and the Clericals thirty years ago. She had then remarkably winning looks and manners, and Time, I understand, has dealt gently with her.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, March 1, 1897.

THE WIND ON THE GRASS.

A grayness in the atmosphere,
A little shiver in the air—
A heart embalmed in silent care.

A sigh from out that heart let pass,
A-driven o'er the wind-bowed grass
A whispering, "Alas! Alas!"

Eleanor B. Caldwell.

SUSPENSE.

The Future wears its helmet down;
I fight and pray with scanty breath,
No smile betrays, no tear, nor frown,—
But white at heart I feel 'tis Death!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

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NEW BOOKS.

RECENT WORKS ON SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS.*

A little literary discrimination in the composition of scientific books would lighten the burdens of this knowledge-seeking generation wonderfully. For instance, in the social sciences, what a blessing it would be if the writers had a knack of putting things well, of dodging the hackneyed, of perforating the opaque with a few beams of light—in other words, the tiniest and most rudimentary literary talent. The men who have something to say on these subjects put you to sleep, and the men who keep you awake have nothing to say. In economic matters a too impartial providence seems to have denied the gift of expression to men with ideas and granted it freely to those without, so while the world honours the dear, good, patient, inarticulate specialist, it runs off and listens to the dispenser of well-put claptrap. The science of economics needs a Huxley very badly. There is no reason why the best economic thought should not find as clever exponents as the worst. Less special training is required for understanding the elements of political economy than in the case of biology or physics, yet we see a great political party struggling at the polls for a principle as preposterous from the economic point of view as the Rev. Mr. Jasper's ideas of the movements of the sun. A recent writer on sociology discovers that in the propagation of an idea there are just two things needed : first, affirmation ; second, repetition. Say a thing well in the first place ; put it in the compact, portable form of an aphorism ; then hammer away on it, and by a process which he likens to hypnotism the crowd is with you. He is writing of Frenchmen whom a "couple of phrases intoxicate," but it is true in a measure of us and of the rest of the world. So if the specialists, the initiated, the judicious, profound, and orthodox would now and then hit on a few little pithy expressions of the truth in their pages, there might be more economic souls saved in the land. Of course it is too much to ask that they should make the whole science attractive and intelligible. There must be some esoteric corner of it, or the subject might become too familiar. Let them keep a sacred domain in which language so appallingly obscure is used that the laity will never venture in. Outside that let them employ the most vigorous and popular vehicle of thought they can find.

From this point of view a criticism of the form as well as of the matter of some of our recent economic books does not seem out of place. In Mr. Davenport's *Outlines of Economic Theory* there is a distinct attempt to put the subject clearly and attractively, and in the first part of the book at least the author has succeeded. In this respect the work is novel and refreshing. Moreover, it embodies current views, particularly on the subjects of value and quasi-rents, which are treated in a more comprehensive and more satisfactory way than in most other American text-books. This is not saying very much, for other text-book writers have had little to say in regard to the theory of subjective value, confining themselves for the most part to an exposition of value as power in exchange. In unfolding the theory of subjective value he certainly escapes the metaphysical prolixity of the Austrian writers, but his doctrine that value is the measure of sacrifice, *i.e.*, the sacrifice of the thing the possessor has to give up in order to obtain the commodity he desires, is not broad enough to cover all cases.

A novel feature of the book is its departure from the practise of drawing sharp lines of demarcation between the "departments" of political economy. He evidently agrees with Professor Giddings that "the traditional partition of economic science into departments of production, exchange, distribution, and so forth, not only does not correspond to the objective fact ; it misrepresents the objective fact." Another good thing

* Outlines of Economic Theory. By Herbert Joseph Davenport. New York : The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

History of Economics. By Henry Dunning Macleod. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Introduction to Sociology. By Arthur Fairbanks. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

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in the book is the interspersing of the chapters with series of notes containing well-chosen quotations from modern economic writings. He also sprinkles the work with lists of what he calls useful and suggestive questions. These have occasionally some value if the book is to be used as a text-book. Yet to the average reader it must seem strange to be told to ask himself some "unanswerable questions about electricity, a chair, or a dab of mud;" or to be asked by the author whether he likes peaches, why he likes them; how he happened to have two hands instead of three, and what can be done about these facts. Still many of these questions are really suggestive, and no doubt the author's experience in the class-room has proven them of value. His analysis of profits, interest, and rent is good; but on the subject of wages he follows on the heels of Walker in the search for the mysterious "residual claimant" on the product of industry. It is hard to see why, on the theoretical assumption of perfect competition, the existence of any "residual claimant" is necessary. If profits are governed by a law analogous to the law governing the rent of land, why should not wages be subject to the same principles?

In the second part—that relating to economics as an art—he gives good, concise discussions of the application of economic principles to practical matters such as bimetallism, the free coinage of silver, trades unions, and so forth. There are some things in the book that will arouse adverse criticism among economists, but on the whole he has produced a good text-book. He has managed to state things in such a way as to stimulate thought and arouse discussion; and experience shows that no subject is more dependent on class-room discussion for its successful exposition than the science of economics. A good, lively setting forth of an erroneous view often serves better for the purpose of stimulating inquiry than a series of correct platitudes.

Mr. Macleod's *History of Economics* is a very singular work. In the first place, why it should be called a history does not appear from its contents, for less than one third of the book is given up to historical discussion, and even in that the author merely selects certain great names and summarises their merits and defects without much reference to the social conditions of the times. The remainder of the book consists of disconnected articles on economic terms treated in alphabetical order in the style of a miniature encyclopædia. This curious arrangement is the result of the author's theory that economics, being a physical science, can be reduced to a body of perfectly exact and unchangeable principles. It is his aim to state these principles once and for all in definite form; so his list of titles, which, by the way, covers only a single page, embraces all the concepts of economics which he considers fundamental. The criticism of this is that in the first place he by no means exhausts the fundamental concepts, and in the second place by no means succeeds in stating them. His theory of credit especially is open to objection, and his idea of wealth itself is too loose and vague for practical purposes. In the historical portion he enjoys the unique satisfaction of giving his own biography at length as that of the real founder of the science of economics. All the authors preceding him are treated merely as unsuccessful seekers after economic truth. He alone has found it. John Stuart Mill, Ricardo, and the other members of the classical school butchered the science. He revivified the remains. He shows just how this came about. It seems that the directors of a certain bank got into difficulty with the Board of Trade, and the matter came to trial. The case was put in Mr. Macleod's hands, and he obtained a decision in favour of the bank. "It was this case which was the origin of the modern science of economics." His success came from practical experience in banking and in the law, not from reading and study. Having founded economics, he now began to study the works of the economists, and found that in some points his views had been anticipated, although in no case stated so well as he had stated them. His mind, according to his own statement, seems to have been an epitome of all the best economic thought through all the ages without his ever having read economic works. For example, he says Bastiat was "the brightest genius that ever adorned the science of economics." Yet the author had stated all the good things in Bastiat before reading a line of his works. John Stuart Mill *et al.* had ruined the science

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because they had failed to see that it was the science of exchange, or the theory of value. "I saw," says he,

"that the greatest opportunity that had come to any man since the days of Galileo had come to me, and I then determined to devote myself to the construction of a real science of economics on the model of the already established physical sciences."

After his great fundamental discovery, he went on to several minor ones:

"My experience in banking had brought to my knowledge a fact which, so far as I am aware, has never been stated in any book. . . . It was this: that when the rate of discount in two markets differs by more than sufficient to defray the cost of sending bullion from one to the other, bullion flows from the market where discount is lower to where it is higher. The truth of this principle is now universally recognised. . . . One day, at the Political Economy Club, Sir John Lubbock observed to me that this was the greatest discovery of the age."

The author also claims to have been the first to give the term Gresham's Law its vogue. As another proof of his greatness, he says:

"I read through the whole of Bastiat's works and wrote the article for my *Dictionary* in eight days, and I was much gratified to be told by M. Paillotet, his lifelong friend and admirer and literary executor, that he had derived from my article a much clearer idea of Bastiat's doctrines than from the constant study of them by himself."

Probably no man ever had so tenacious a memory for every compliment that was paid to him through life as the present author. Another instance is:

"M. Jules Duval acknowledged that my *Dictionary* was superior to the French dictionary, which was the work of thirty-eight French economists, and said that I ought to be recognised as one of the fathers of economics because I had introduced negative quantities into economics, perfectly analogous to negative quantities in mathematics and physical science."

These quotations are enough to show the author's spirit and style, but his *megalomania* should not blind one to his real merits. His critical estimates of other writers, while they are not always fair, are very suggestive and interesting. He sums up very clearly and forcibly the main points in a theory or a "school." He himself belongs to what he calls the "third school" of economists—that of Bastiat. He follows the modern historical method of inquiry, laying great stress on the observation of the actual phenomena of exchange and a thorough grounding in mercantile law; but his constructive work is defective. Aiming at scientific precision and finality in stating economic principles, he has merely cast his own opinions in the form of axioms, confounding his own cocksureness with the objective certainty of the "laws" he sets forth.

The new sociology promises much. When we read what the sociologists say it is the special purpose of their science to do we are in a glow of expectancy. But we find, as a rule, that after drawing a pleasant picture of the possibilities of the subject they go no further. They seem to be jointly preparing an attractive prospectus for a book which it will require a genius to write, and they are waiting for the genius. For years many of them stuck so closely to their view of society as an organism, like a plant or an animal, that their work became a mere labyrinth of biological metaphors. Society consisted of "simple connective tissue," that is, unity of speech, and so forth; and of "differentiated tissue," that is, social institutions. And so it went until the whole science became one vast biological allegory which the author merely had to expound. Mr. Arthur Fairbanks, in his *Introduction to Sociology*, is one of the recent writers who shakes off the restraints of the strictly biological school. His work is valuable rather for its suggestiveness than for actual results. He makes it clear that we need a practical working theory of society as a whole. "We have had enough," he says, "of the social philosophy which consists in a system of short-sighted wishes." There is a vagueness and inconclusiveness in the work which reflects the condition of the science rather than any incompetence on the author's part. He offers no new theory, and bases his work on no brilliant but fallacious hypothesis like that of Kidd in his *Social Evolution*. His analysis and description of the "social mind" are inferior to Mr. Giddings's, and he does not anticipate the objections to this phrase which naturally arise in the mind of persons unfamiliar with the work of recent sociologists. As he expounds it, it seems like an imposing but useless expression for a very familiar and commonplace concept. Man is different as a member of the social group from what he would be if he were solitary. Society is not composed of hermits. Society wills, thinks, and is

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conscious of itself; therefore there is a "social mind." Mr. Giddings, in his chapter on this subject, makes us really see that there is an animating intelligence in society as a unit; but in the hands of Mr. Fairbanks the expression seems merely a form of rhetorical personification. A man living with one other has different ideas from what he would have if he had never seen any other human being. Should we call the result of the intercourse of these two men "social mind"? To say that the social mind acts through these two men merely means that they think alike on some points. Social mind, then, is nothing but points of agreement in the minds of people in society. These objections are commonplace, and a more skilful handling of the subject might have forestalled them. It is in just such points as these that the opponents of the new sociology find fault with its expounders. For that reason it is to be regretted that an introduction to sociology does not present the elements of the subject in a more convincing way.

Society must be studied as a whole if ill-judged, one-sided attempts at reform are to be prevented. This is evident, and the ignorant attacks on the attempts of recent writers to find some consistent theory reveal a singular hostility to scientific progress. The pioneers in the new science have already done much, and they have done it in the face of a continual clamour that they are fools for attempting it. It is rather hard to follow them in their explorations, and it must be admitted that they do not accomplish all that they attempt.

"The small man with the little thing to do sees it and does it;
The large man with a great aim to pursue dies ere he knows it."

Frank Moore Colby.

WIVES IN EXILE.*

A droll, lazy story this—light and perishable as the wood-pulp upon which it is printed. Its theme, the tyranny of love and how a man and woman can breathe happily apart for a season. The wives hail from the north of Ireland, and one of the husbands from "Chicago and Brooklyn." Piqued by the discovery that the men are planning a quiet little lark in London, they charter a yacht and go to sea for "an indefinite period," that they may make themselves as alluring and unattainable as possible. A marked copy of Montaigne their parting gift, they telegraph: "Ports of call, if any, uncertain." What the husbands did in London we are not informed. Be it ours to follow the women. With as little thought as may be of to-morrow's choppy sea and "snarling" sou'westers, they stock their boat with wines and cigarettes, an Irish cook, a Scotch steward, and a crew, all seafaring women like themselves, and jointly assuming the *rôle* of captain, expatiate thus on their emancipation: "What's the good of having a yacht to ourselves, and being wives in exile, if we can't have the privilege of doing and saying what our husbands would shiver at?" They taboo the word "darling" as being synonymous with "little goose," and pretty soon even the stewardess resents being called "My good woman." That may be "the way o' the warl'," but the locus of this story, notwithstanding the mention of Lamlash Sound and the Isle of Canna, is not "o' the warl'." Yet, if you can picture such an expedition with no men but the women, the tale is not so extraordinarily unnatural. They succumb to *mal de mer* of course. When the cat falls overboard they go into hysterics. When they swim into the all but fatal surge of a sea current they scream.

Which brings us to the incident—it can scarcely be termed a climax—of main importance, toward which we have been vaguely drifting over fully a hundred pages of the foamiest of prattle. The two Nereids are disporting themselves joyously in the waves when they notice that they are helpless to reach their becalmed yacht. At this juncture they talk nonchalantly in the strain of George Meredith's Aminta and Matey, and are just wondering if they ought not to pray, when two men bear down upon them and tow them home. New Women both, they have the false modesty to stay in the water, although their rescuers are quite noble enough "not to look" when they clamber on deck. Afterward, of course, they ask the New Men how they would like it if *their* wives went off in this droll fashion. They said they would be "charmed." The

* Wives in Exile. A Comedy in Romance. By William Sharp. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

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captains "wonder." This, of course, is vastly important as showing that a certain little spark of celestial fire is still sleepily alive in their breasts, and as anticipating the self-reproach they will feel in one Sir Jasper's allusion to the anxiety of his absentee wife. Yachting *à deux* would become tiresome but for the discovery that they are pursued. Now "it's thim" and now it's not "thim," and every time the two runaways put in, they coyly telegraph to the London hotel address of their husbands. Once they are all but entrapped, but, thanks to the wily Mrs. Moriarty and favouring fogs, are enabled to scud seaward again. They are finally wrecked in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway, and the two alight on the beach as from a cab, and welcome with outstretched arms their husbands, who, they know and we know, will come sprawling after. "If the gratitude of the women could be enhanced," we are told, "it is because each has saved him whom she loves better than any one else in the world." Whereupon one of the husbands exclaims (for which he deserves to die *por componte*): "I'd lose a dozen yachts if only to have the pleasure of this long chase of you, and to get you at last—by being saved by you!"

There is possibly enough good material here for one short story. To make a romance of it the author has resorted to every artifice at his command, and the result (unless it is to be viewed as a merry satire) is superficial, strained, verbose, far-fetched—in a word, full of things one would rather have left unsaid. Leonora conspires with these words: "I yield—I yield—I collaborate—I agree—I coincide!" Honor subsides before a heavy sea "without thought of captainly dignity, Leonora, the crew, the yacht's fate, her own life or death, Wilfred's happiness, the end of the world, the last trump, and the saving of her immortal soul." No actress alive could impart reality to such bosh—beg pardon, effervescence. Mr. Sharp's cynicism is as forced as his exuberance. "To the innocent and the narrow-minded," he says, "is given to eat of the pottage of the bitterness of the things that are."

Many excellent bits of description are barnacled with similes, in which the likeness is remote or impossible. Even good Mrs. Moriarty has to say: "She'll look as sour's a blind cat whin it licks the blackin,' thinkin' it to be crame!" One of the minor penalties of this attack of "the likes" is revealed in an allusion to the "red-breasted Bridget," who had previously been described as "like a gigantic robin redbreast," so swollen was she with pride and tight-lacing. Mr. Sharp's language is vivid to a fault. A "commercial" who tried to flirt with the exiles "spilt noise" in lieu of laughter. The expression is a little crusty and raucous, but it is not vapid. What, however, shall be said of the following:

> "Then, oh, happy Nora! she was kissed. The vision kissed her! Strange, pleasure but not rapture met that embrace. Men and women fundamentally the same! Swirling dust!"

After this, what boots it to mention a split infinitive, a "shall" used for a "will," the term "bad grammar" (exemplified, by the way, in "have come here last night," p. 243), "gratification and pleasure," "tiny girlet," the man who had "an Ibsenitish volume of outbrushed hair," and the young woman whose "voice was made up of notes payable in gold"? But a romancer, no more than a realist, can be held personally responsible for everything his characters say, and these puns are quite as good as some of Dr. Holmes's. There is a Norse freedom about this story, an outdoor sincerity and friskiness that in a measure relieves its vacuity and prolixity. The rain, the flowers, the flies, the sea, the conventional humours of women who are children morally, are given with refreshing zest. These descriptive touches, however, are the merest incidents. A peculiar gift is required to volatilise and bring up to date a tale of swashing buccaneers. The plot is that of Stevenson, but the handiwork is not that of Stockton. What the latter might have made of this trifle is easily imagined.

George Merriam Hyde.

HISTORICAL BRIEFS.*

There is no invitation which an intelligent person feels to be more of a compliment than one to visit the workshop of a skilled artificer and view his processes. It is such a compliment Pro-

* Historical Briefs. By James Schouler. With a biography. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

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fessor James Schouler pays his readers in his *Historical Briefs*. The interest of the volume centres in the series of essays which discuss his theories of writing history. These discussions are practical and unpretentious, obviously intended to be suggestive to the members of the American Historical Society, to whom they are addressed. One may properly suppose them to be a popular exposition of what Professor Schouler has learned about writing history by doing it.

Almost the whole subject of historical production, from the inception to the finish, is treated in the half dozen essays here printed. There is no direct counsel on choosing a subject—a theme on which Professor Schouler would be gladly heard by young students of history—though indirectly in discussing the spirit of research he shows his own preference for the survey of complicated periods in which a variety of intricate influences contribute to the result; but the subject chosen, his advice is positive—confine your work to what you have undertaken, do not attempt to discuss all history in handling the span of a man's life, circumscribe, differentiate, focalise. When it comes to the subject of gathering material for a special subject, his practical suggestion is to limit the range of investigation to the plan laid out. Nobody knows better than Professor Schouler, probably, from long association with young and ambitious historical students, how many valuable monographs have been projected and never printed, how many useful investigations have been begun and never finished because the student could not bridle his curiosity sufficiently to limit his researches to the line he had chosen.

It is not to be supposed that in emphasising this necessity of limiting one's range that Professor Schouler does not provide for a background to the portrait one undertakes. In fact, he devotes an entire paper to the subject of "Historical Grouping," by which, he explains, he means "Historical Background." The gist of this discussion can never be too carefully heeded—the necessity of fidelity to truth in the accessories of a particular study. Every man around whom centres a great movement has his train of sycophants, those who come in when they see his success is sure, and who thereafter stand among the men who made him. They take good care in his lifetime to figure in every scene where he is conspicuous, and at his death they write reminiscences explaining how their advice and support contributed to his greatness. Separate, says Professor Schouler, the testimony of the men who flock to a hero after success comes from that of those men who stood with him in the earlier day of personal sacrifice. Beware "of the age most dangerous, because most likely to prevent the truth, the plausible age which next succeeds an event."

The principle which Mr. Schouler reiterates oftenest in his *Briefs*, in one or another form, is that the work should be the writer's very own, partaking of his individuality. This is the theme of the essay on "Historical Industries," in which in a thoroughly kindly way he protests against writing history on the co-operative plan, against considering a mass of facts and documents brought together by various persons under the direction of a leader as an individual work. No doubt many successful students will protest that Professor Schouler carries this theory of individualism too far when he declares in favour of making all one's researches himself; why not relegate the searching of newspaper files, the collecting of statistics, the fingering of pamphlets to a skilled assistant? His answer is a personal experience: "Once when engaging my amanuensis (a very intelligent man), where historical controversy had arisen upon a minor point, to examine and collate the accounts of various old newspapers, I found, upon reviewing his work, that he had overlooked a single circumstance among these numerous descriptions, which was almost decisive of the issue." This will appeal to every one who has done special historical work. No second person can be made to see one's point just in the way one sees it himself. The fact which completes a defective chain of evidence is sometimes indirect, almost intangible. It requires a mind permeated with the spirit as well as the details of the subject to distinguish the import, the essentialness of certain facts. This is true when special points are to be verified. It is no less true in general investigation. He who would write vital history must search the sources—the primary sources, not

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the secondary—for himself. He will see there certain things which nobody else ever saw or perhaps ever would see, and those things are what will make his work original.

Insistence on this principle has brought considerable criticism on Mr. Schouler from the friends of the historical monograph. These critics really miss the whole point of his paper. The writer of a monograph does exactly what Mr. Schouler recommends, takes a thesis which by original investigation he develops himself. He stakes his historical reputation on the veracity of its statements and the justice of its deductions. Certainly this is widely different from organising a staff of clerks and writers who gather facts in all directions, and write them up, turning them over to an editor-in-chief, who welds them into form, and under the title of historian prints a book which he calls original—the kind of work which Professor Schouler good-humouredly calls an "historical industry."

Professor Schouler's theory of historical style is formed on the same principle—let it be your own—"an author's style should be the image of himself, and if it exposes him instead as the copyist of other minds, it must fail of impressiveness." To attain this genuineness the writer must cease to think of models or of critics as he writes, he must lose self-consciousness, immersing himself in his subject. When certain that he has found something new, then let him seek to present it as vividly, forcefully, and clearly as he can. If intent on presenting persuasively a case of whose merits he is convinced, his style will of necessity be individual. Such is the method which Mr. Schouler follows. His great work, *A History of the United States under the Constitution*, is a splendid proof of the merit of the method. He has done his own collecting of facts, has drawn his own inferences, has presented his materials in his own way. If at times work done in this independent manner shocks the fastidious by an awkwardness in style or fails to satisfy them by inadequacies of expression, it never cloys by over-nicety, it never is commonplace, it never lacks vigour and nerve.

To those who read *Historical Briefs* from the standpoint of this review, the other essays in the book will serve as models in which to study Mr. Schouler's application of his principles, while the biographical sketch, which fills nearly half the volume, will enable them to complete their notion of Mr. Schouler's theories of history-writing, with the story of how he came to write his great work on the United States.

Ida M. Tarbell.

IBSEN'S LATEST PLAY.*

John Gabriel Borkman for the glory of wealth and the love of power—for the kingdom, and the power, and the glory of men—has risked all and lost all. He has engaged in speculations where millions were at stake, and in the confidence of success as the chief director of a bank has used the bank's securities to carry out his plans. The inevitable crash comes and leaves him, as he afterward characterises himself, "a Napoleon who has been maimed in his first battle." At the height of his power and apparent success, when he is the great "John Gabriel" to whom the people obsequiously bow, he wins the love of Ella Rentheim, who sincerely gives him her heart. Ella is also loved by one Hinkel, to whom she is bargained by Borkman for the coveted control of the bank. Afterward Borkman marries Gunhild, the twin sister of Ella, but her antithesis—hard, cold, and haughty. Ella, however, in spite of his treachery, still loves Borkman, and will have nothing to do with Hinkel, who in pique publishes Borkman's confidential letters and brings about his ruin. Borkman, then, is sentenced to prison for five years, and after his release goes to live in seclusion in the country in the Rentheim manor-house, which still belongs to Ella, whose securities had not been touched in the defalcation. Here for eight years he has lived in seclusion, not once even going out, on the second floor of the house directly over the head of his wife, with whom, in all this time, he has never spoken. For all these years she has heard, however, his ceaseless tramp, day out and day in, "like a sick wolf pacing his cage," until it has become almost maddening. Ella has never married. After the downfall of Borkman

* John Gabriel Borkman. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. New York: Stone & Kimball.

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she went to live in a distant town, taking with her Borkman's only son, Erhart, whom she loves like a mother. Of late years Erhart has lived with his own mother at Rentheim ; but Ella and Gunhild have never met.

This is the previous history of the Borkmans at the opening of the drama which plays at Rentheim one winter night. Its whole time of action is absolutely coincident with the events it describes, and the time of the production of its four acts on the stage will consequently be but little in excess of the time of its supposed happening from beginning to end.

The play begins with the unexpected arrival of Ella at Rentheim and her meeting with her sister. She has previously been to consult a specialist in the city, who has told her of an incurable disease. Her errand at Rentheim is to induce Borkman and his wife to assent to her formal adoption of Erhart as her son and heir, upon the condition that he shall bear her name. Gunhild, in her turn, even before Ella's plans are propounded, tells her how Erhart is to redeem by his life and actions the family fortunes and fame, and of how sure she is of his devotion to his great "mission," and finally declares that he shall choose between them. They are interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Wilton, a pretty woman with a past, who at present has Erhart tightly wound in her toils, closely followed by Erhart himself. The choice is put to Erhart. Upstairs in his father's room sounds from the piano the *Danse Macabre* (the Dance of Death). Mrs. Wilton summons him to the house of the Hinkels—where there are bright lights and young, happy faces, and music that is not the Dance of Death—and Erhart, thrusting aside his mother's "mission," leaves her writhing on the floor. Thus the first act.

Upstairs, Frida Foldal, a girl of fifteen, the daughter of John Gabriel Borkman's only friend, has been playing the *Danse Macabre*. Her exit is followed by the entrance of her father, Vilhelm Foldal, a subordinate clerk in a government office, who has written a rejected tragedy, and who, although in another direction, has made a failure of life. Their friendship ends this time in rupture, for Borkman tells him bluntly that he is no poet, and all but turns him out. Ella enters from below, and the whole matter of their past relationship is gone over with bitterness. Every deception that has been used is torn aside. Borkman defends his acts on the plea of inexorable necessity, and Ella accuses him of the one unpardonable sin—the "murder of the love-life in a human soul"—the murder of his own soul and of hers ! Ella demands Erhart of him in part reparation, and he consents ; but Gunhild enters, and declares that it shall never be.

The third act brings Borkman and Ella down into the apartment of Gunhild, who has sent for Erhart to come to her. Borkman attempts to justify to his wife his past conduct. In his own mind he is a philanthropist who would have benefited mankind. He confesses to the love of power, but it was a "power to create human happiness in wide, wide circles" around him. Erhart returns, and Ella uses all her persuasion to win him to her side ; but he tells her that, although he is grateful to her, he cannot sacrifice himself now. His mother thinks that she has won him, but her, too, he tells that he "cannot sacrifice his life to making atonement for another, whoever that other may be." He even refuses to help his father in a new life of work and redemption, which Ella, also, willing to sacrifice her wishes, implores him to do. "I am young," he avers. "I want to live, as well as other people ! I want to live my own life !" To his mother's question for what he will live, he cries for happiness that he has already found, and throws open the door to Mrs. Wilton, who is waiting outside. Gunhild bitterly denounces Mrs. Wilton for the seduction of her son ; but the latter calmly replies that her happiness also is involved, and tells them that she is going abroad with little Frida Foldal, who is even now sitting outside in the sleigh waiting for them, and that Erhart is going with them. Borkman, as though awakening to a sudden resolution, takes his hat and cloak ; and to Ella, who, fearful of his purpose, tries to stop him, and begs him to tell her where he will go, he replies, "Out into the storm alone !" Gunhild shrieks to Erhart not to leave her, and with outstretched arms rushes toward the door, but is held back by Ella.

Borkman has gone out into the night, and Gunhild and Ella have followed him to the steps of the house, where he

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wearily leans against the wall. The snowstorm is over, but drifting clouds obscure the moon, whose light is dimly reflected by the snow; from the foot of the hill below comes the sound of the bells of Mrs. Wilton's sleigh. Vilhelm Foldal appears, limping and covered with snow, having been run over by the very sleigh that is carrying away his daughter, over whose good fortune (!) he is fatuously happy. Borkman, thinking of the prison-house upstairs that he has not left for years, declares that he will never set foot under a roof again. He goes hastily down the steps and out into the open, followed by Ella, who in vain tries to hold him back. Wading through the snow, they climb up the mountain until they emerge upon an open terrace in the woods, from which can be seen far in the distance the fiords with the mountains towering beyond. He stretches out his hands to what he calls his kingdom—his infinite and inexhaustible kingdom, that he was "on the point of conquering when he died!" Only an icy breath, however, blows back to him from that kingdom, and an icy hand clutches his heart, and he sinks dead upon the bench in the snow. Gunhild and a maid, who are searching for them, find them thus together. The wife asks falteringly if he had done it himself; but Ella explains that it is the cold that has killed him.

Mrs. Borkman.—"The cold, you say? The cold—that had killed him long ago."
Ella.—"Yes—and changed us two to shadows."
Mrs. Borkman.—"You are right there."
Ella.—"A dead man and two shadows—that is what the cold has made of us."
Mrs. Borkman.—"Yes, the coldness of heart. —And now I think we two may hold out our hands to each other, Ella."
Ella.—"I think we may, now."
Mrs. Borkman.—"We twin sisters—over him we have both loved."
Ella.—"We two shadows—over the dead man."

So the drama ends, and leaves us as cold at heart almost as Borkman lying dead in the snow, as its writer has intended. Is it symbolical that out beyond this clearing in the forest under the dead fir tree, with the dead man and the two ruined lives, there are the vast mountains and the fiords in the distance, with the light shining upon them, and are we to read that they alone are steadfast and eternal, while we are but the futile gropers after the intangible shadows of life? Many no doubt will see in it the tragedy of the writer himself, for only a man could have written such a drama who has chased the shadows of honors, and glory, and the power of man, and has found them naught, and they will point him out not as—as he has been called—"the poet of doubt," but as the poet of despair, for it is the outcry of a man for whom there are no illusions.

However this may be, the drama carries its own lesson, even to those who are ever crying "Wherefore?" to Ibsen's plays. Although, here as elsewhere, Ibsen, it may be, is only the keen diagnostician who unshrinkingly analyses a social disease in all its grimness, there is nevertheless more than in many of the plays, the unmistakable suggestion of remedy. Again the central problem, as in all the social dramas, is "the relation of the individual to his social and personal surroundings." And, as has been the case before, his sermon again is the reality alone of truth; that unless the social relations be true, they cannot stand! Here, where all is built upon unreality and deception at the outset, the whole is absolutely wrecked in the end. It is a gloomy story to tell, in which there is but one bright spot—a woman's love—and even that is stifled and cast aside, although it had in it the possibility of happiness.

In his characters Ibsen has given us nothing essentially new. John Gabriel has been prefigured even as far back as Peer Gynt, and Ella is a later Solveig who loves unto the end. Both are, nevertheless, individualities that stand out clearly from the others in Ibsen's long line of men and women who are to be named by name as people who have played their part on the stage of actual life. Ella Rentheim is a new disproof of the sweeping charges of unbounded cynicism that have been made against Ibsen. There are Juliane Tesmans and Martha Bernicks and Lona Tessels in his pages beside the Noras and the Hedda Gablers, and here is again a woman of unquestioned nobility of character, who has gone down through no fault of hers in the universal shipwreck.

John Gabriel Borkman is a play that reads as well as the Norwegian papers say it acts. Ibsen, in all the social dramas a master of construction, has

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excelled himself in this play, whose verisimilitude has been carried to an astonishing perfection by the seeming use, only, of the simplest means that a writer can employ. The crispness of the dialogue, apparently at its best in *Little Eyolf*, is even better here. There is not a word that does not mean something, and the whole is as inevitable and necessary as if it really were life. In its technical construction *John Gabriel Borkman* is the greatest play of the greatest dramatist of the century.

William H. Carpenter.

TALL WATER VOYAGES.*

In his letters from Vailima, Stevenson complained that at one period he was unable to write in his usual style; the trick seemed to have deserted him. His lament may have been due to nervousness or to mere self-mistrust; still it shows that he regarded his style as a quality apart from himself. As a matter of fact, in contemporary fiction there is no writer of distinction who more explicitly than Stevenson denies the French saying that "the style is the man."

I was reminded of this in reading *On Many Seas*, which, curiously enough, is a striking exemplification of the proverb. The sub-title characterises it as "The Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor," and it is a long narrative; but in the course of writing it I doubt very much if the writer ever thought of such a thing as style. In other words, he had no trick to forget and pick up again; he did have something to say, however, and he has said it simply and directly, unconsciously stamping himself on every sentence.

The newspapers have printed so much about this author that the public has been given a somewhat misleading impression of him. It is true that he was for many years a common sailor; but his book proves that he is by no means a man of common qualities. No man could be common and write about himself with such frank unconsciousness. That Herbert E. Hamblen should place the pseudonym of Frederick Benton Williams on the title-page indicates merely that just before making his bow to the public he had an attack of stage fright. The opening chapter, in which he describes how he made himself *persona non grata* to his family before taking to the sea, suggests at once that he has used his wits for reading as well as for observation. With faithful minuteness he records the incidents of his voyages, together with the impressions they made on his mind; he is as frank about his own brutality as about the brutality of his mates, so that his record of the most stirring adventures in which he took part carry conviction at once. Nothing could be more ingenuous than his account of his merciless subjugation of "Dago Charley," a Maltese sailor who refused to treat him with the respect due to a superior. Yet the book gives the impression of being the work of a man whose character has been strongly developed through the storm and stress of a life of extraordinary severity, and who throughout his narrative has been true to what he has known.

This fidelity to the fact lends a particular force to the descriptive passages. The account of the "crash of icebergs" in the ninth chapter is really superb. You forget that the man is telling the story; you think only of the vessel, slowly moving between the two vast masses of ice as they approach each other:

> "'Port!' came the word from forward, and before she could answer to her helm the mainyard scraped against the side of the berg, and for an instant it seemed as if all the top hamper would be down about our ears. But as she felt her helm she sheered off and cleared herself, only to give another but lighter rub on the other side before the helmsman could meet her, so narrow had the channel become. The foresail gave an ominous flap, showing that we had got under the lee of the ice and were becoming becalmed and not yet through the rapidly narrowing channel which was shutting in on us like a mammoth vise. Once more came the word from forward.
>
> "'Starboard! Steady!' and with the little way remaining on her the old ship glided into open waters, and, looking back, we saw, not five minutes after clearing the berg, the most grand and awful sight it has been my fortune to witness. Drawn irresistibly together by the same force of attraction that causes ships to approach each other in a calm, these two great ice islands collided, not with a rapid onrush, to be sure, but with a slow, dignified, hardly perceptible motion that was the very ideal of majestic power."

The book abounds in descriptions as strong as this. Only now and then does Mr. Hamblen drop into a hack-

* On Many Seas. By Herbert E. Hamblen. Edited by W. S. Booth. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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neyed form of expression, but his vigorous sincerity nearly always carries the story forward in his own picturesque phraseology. Now and then, too, he introduces details that might better have been omitted; but, on the whole, the interest is well sustained, and the book gives the impression of having been written from a full mind. It is likely to take a permanent place in the literature of the sea, and it gives a fine introduction to readers of a writer who has gone direct to life for his material.

John D. Barry.

A GENTLEMAN OF NEW FRANCE.*

The conflict in Acadie after its conquest by the British forces under General Nicholson in 1710 is one of melancholy interest. During the years that followed the transference of this part of New France to the British crown until the bitter end—that catastrophe which has been commemorated both in prose and verse—the Acadians were torn betwixt the required allegiance to King George on the one hand, and their adherence to the recognised religion of the Romish Church, which implied subjugation to King Louis, on the other hand. Controlled by fear of the Indians, which led them to breathe French sentiments even when their inclinations were English, they were ground between the upper and nether millstones. Until the opening of the war in 1745 comparative quiet prevailed, but the covert war and secret negotiations of the French missionaries, abetted by the French Government and aided by the ignorance and superstition of the priest-ridden inhabitants, reduced this peace-loving and pastoral people to a state of apathy and wretchedness most pitiful. Chief among those who instigated the Acadians to insurrection and emigration, and who continued to harass them for years with impetuous zeal and ferocity, was the Abbé le Loutre. He more than any other man was answerable for the miseries that overwhelmed Acadie. "Le Loutre," Parkman tells us, "was a man of boundless egotism and violent spirit of domination, an intense hatred of the English, and a fanaticism that stopped at nothing. Toward the Acadians he was a despot; and this simple and superstitious people, extremely susceptible to the influence of their priests, trembled before him." Into this period of history and upon this scene of action Professor Roberts has entered with the torchlight of his imagination, and has thrown upon the screen of fiction a dramatic picture that lives and shines on the page with the indefinable charm of poetic romance. Nor has he exhausted his resources in this one book, which, we understand, is to be the first of three novels dealing with the history of the period, and with the turbulent figure of the Abbé le Loutre moving like an evil spirit through the successive scenes. *The Forge in the Forest* is complete in itself; but the Black Abbé escapes the vengeance which he will doubtless meet before the end of the trilogy.

A retrospective bird's-eye view given in a "foreword" to the novel leads the spectator, standing at the end of the nineteenth century, to the proper point from which to gain a true perspective of this eighteenth mid-century picture.

"Where the Five Rivers flow down to meet the swinging of the Minas tides, and the Great Cape of Blomidon bars out the storm and the fog, lies half a county of rich meadow-lands and long-arcaded orchards. It is a deep-bosomed land, a land of fat cattle, of well-filled barns, of ample cheeses and strong cider; and a well-conditioned folk inhabit it. But behind this countenance of gladness and peace broods the memory of a vanished people. These massive dykes, whereon twice daily the huge tide beats in vain, were built by hands not suffered to possess the fruits of their labour. These comfortable fields have been scorched with the ruin of burning homes, drenched with the tears of women hurried into exile. These orchard lanes, appropriate to the laughter of children or the silences of lovers, have rung with battle and run deep with blood. Though the race whose bane he was has gone, still stalks the sinister shadow of the Black Abbé."

The Black Abbé, whose sinister shadow stalks through *The Forge in the Forest* as it did over the fair land of Acadie, is easily recognisable as the Abbé le Loutre; the incidents related in the book occupy the summer and winter of 1746–47, culminating with the Fight at Grand Pré on January 23d of the latter year. Tradition tells of a blacksmith's forge, and points to a heap of mould where once it stood, in the primeval forest at the juncture of the much-travelled road

* The Forge in the Forest. Being the Narrative of the Acadian Ranger, Jean de Mer, Seigneur de Briart; and How he Crossed the Black Abbé and of his Adventures in a Strange Fellowship. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

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from the Canard to Grand Pré and the trail from Pereau.

"It was a place for the gathering of restless spirits, the men of Acadie who hated to accept the flag of the English king. It was the Acadian headquarters of the noted ranger, Jean de Mer, who was still called by courtesy, and by the grace of such of his people as adhered to his altered fortunes, the Seigneur de Briart. His father had been lord of the whole region between Blomidon and Grand Pré; but the English occupation had deprived him of all open and formal lordship, for the De Briart sword was notably conspicuous on the side of New France. Nevertheless, many of Jean de Mer's habitants maintained to him a chivalrous allegiance, and paid him rents for lands which in the English eye were freehold properties. He cherished his hold upon these faithful folk, willing by all honest means to keep their hearts to France."

Nowadays, when there is so much "tootling on the sentimental flute in literature," it is inspiriting to come across a book that "goes to the head of the march to sound the heady drums." The spirit of adventure is abroad in its pages, but it is not allowed to run riot. Herein the title over this review fails to correlate the Sieur de Marsac and the Seigneur de Briart. One is a gentleman of Old France, a soldier after the order of D'Artagnan; the other is a gentleman of New France, his sword as ready for service when occasion calls it from its scabbard, but preferring the life of the soil, and with home-loving instincts and traits of tenderness unknown to the other. Not Weyman has been sponsor to Professor Roberts in romance, but Robert Louis Stevenson; it is the lyrical elation rather than the clashing of swords and the intrigue of courts that allies *The Forge in the Forest* with *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*. Hitherto we have known Professor Roberts at his best in poetry; and this poetic quality pervading his Acadian romance lifts it on a higher level, from a literary point of view, than *A Gentleman of France*. To be sure he published a volume of sketches and stories called *Earth's Enigmas* about a year ago, but this experiment in prose gave little promise of the book before us, for whereas the story-teller predominates in *The Forge in the Forest*, the poet was more evident in the book of short stories. Yet these two prose works have certain qualities in common—the exultant note that sounds the joy of living; the sweet, exhilarating fragrance of the resinous woods, and the clean, bracing air of the moral heights which breathe in their pages: at once we are brought close to the mystery of life in the forest and lonely places where "God keeps an open house," and to the secret recesses of the human spirit where "God and the soul stand sure." But beyond this, we have in *The Forge in the Forest* the strong human interest and dramatic movement which compel the reader's attention and hold him a prisoner until the last page is reached. Professor Roberts has read history and heeded tradition and legendary lore to excellent purpose, but you are only minded of these on reflection, and in this wise Stevenson has had an apt pupil in him. It is a narrative of brisk living—"It was good to be alive that afternoon"—so begins the story; and this primeval instinct of elemental joy animates the whole book.

"To love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden," Stevenson has said somewhere, and if *The Forge in the Forest* is to win the hearts of many readers and linger long in their affection, it will be because of the beauty of love that dwells in it. The youthful love of Marc and Prudence is but a prelude to the deep, solemn passion of Marc's father, Jean de Mer, and Mizpah—the love of a strong man and a noble woman—and which during that "strange fellowship" had to ride the troubled waters of a dark and doubtful fate. The portrait of the Black Abbé is cut with a silhouette-like clearness that stamps itself on the mind, and the fantastic Grûl flashes and vanishes on the shuttle that weaves the fates and fortunes of the little drama with weird portentous impressiveness; but it is the figure of Jean de Mer that will cling to the memory long after the story is finished. Through his lips we listen to the narration of the adventures by land and sea that befell him, between that fateful morning when he crossed the Black Abbé and the final homecoming to find Love awaiting him; and again we learn that "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek:" through his eyes we look upon the woman he loves and upon the world about him, and see everything made beautiful in the light of their shining:

"There was a faint glory of the last of sunset on Mizpah's face and hair as she stood facing me, her lips parted to speak. Behind her lay the little garden, with its sunflowers and lupines, and its thicket of pole beans in one corner.

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Then, beyond the gray fence, the smooth tide of the expanding river, violet-hued, the copper and olive wood, the marshes all greenish amber, and the dusky purple of the hills. It was all stamped upon my memory in delectable and imperishable colours, though I know that at the moment I saw only Mizpah's tall grace, her red gold hair, the eyes that seemed to bring my spirit to her feet."

And when we come to close the book it is as if "Love had opened the door, given one smiling look into the house, and left us to go the lighter about our business and feel peace and pleasure in our hearts."

James MacArthur.

MADEMOISELLE BLANCHE.*

It has long since become a burning question why the men and women who minister publicly to the world's entertainment should be more unhappy than other men and women in their marital relations. There may, to be sure, be some mistake as to the facts in the premises. It is, perhaps, even possible that the only difference between the matrimonial success of the actors and of the audience lies within the fiercer light that beats upon the stage. But however that may be, a widespread conviction to the contrary exists, and the convicted are never tired of discussions as to the probable cause and the possible remedy for this assumed deplorable state of affairs.

To these philanthropists Mr. Barry's new novel must make strong appeal aside from its fine style and fresh thought. The motive of the work is the old problem of the "artist's" personal place in the social scheme, but his treatment of it and his point of view are interestingly new. Ignoring the most generally accepted theory, that the root of trouble in such cases of domestic discontent may usually be found in the vagaries of the artistic temperament, he manages to show with convincing clearness that this very attitude, this placing of the "artist" outside the normal pale, is often a fatal bar to happiness.

As if to emphasise the novelty of his ideas upon this point, the type of woman selected to embody them is the farthest possible from any association with domesticity—an acrobat in a circus, the daughter of a trapeze performer, bred from babyhood to spangles and sawdust. It is not strange if the little white figure flying like a winged creature high above the heads of the spectators can scarcely have seemed to them a being of flesh and blood, much less a shy, timid, even terrified girl, held helpless in the vise of circumstances. Nor perhaps is it strange that Jules le Baron also set her apart, even after he had made her acquaintance, had taught her to love him, and made her his wife. It was the "artist," the famous acrobat, whom he loved, not the woman, so that life began to go wrong for Mademoiselle Blanche.

The story, notwithstanding its environment, is very quiet and simple, and touches of gentle humour sweeten it here and there. The work is chiefly psychological, having singularly little action for a story of its kind; and nothing better, hardly anything so good, in character-drawing has been done in recent fiction. The figures stand out with curious distinctness, although most of them play comparatively small parts. Mademoiselle Blanche herself is exquisitely realised, but the character of her husband very soon becomes the dominant force of the story, beating everything else down, as his will and his wishes override every other influence of her life. Without a doubt of his own wisdom or strength he takes the guidance of her destiny into his ignorant hands as unhesitatingly as the husbands of wives who are not "artists" sometimes assume a like responsibility. The development of the ultimate tragedy is wrought out with the simplicity of nature. As ties bind Blanche closer to home life her distaste for her profession grows stronger, until, when she becomes a mother, she can endure it no longer. Then she realises that it had never been herself, but the "artist" who had now her husband's love, and she shrinks from the sullen anger that she sees in his eyes before he can control his bitter disappointment.

"There would be no more travelling, no more triumphs! Blanche would sink into obscurity, would become a mere nonentity—devoted to her child and to housekeeping—like scores of other wives and mothers that he despised in Paris. Out of the circus she was utterly commonplace, Jules said to himself, and the fact came to him with the force of a revelation. But for that he would never have mar-

* Mademoiselle Blanche. By John D. Barry. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

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ried her; the brilliancy of her talent had dazzled him. And now if she left the circus, how beautifully he would have been tricked! He would be tied down to her and her child What a fine trap he had got himself into! There was absolutely no escape unless Blanche recovered from her ridiculous cowardice. And all on account of that infant who had come into the world without being wanted, and had spoiled his life. . . . Instead of looking upon her almost with reverence as he had done, he felt sorry for her, as if she were his inferior, and though he continued to treat her with kindness, there was a suggestion of pity, almost of contempt in his manner toward her."

Sometimes a weak and foolish woman's fear of losing her husband's love, even though it be such a love as this, is greater than her fear of death; and Mademoiselle Blanche makes a last fatal attempt to retrieve herself in his regard. It is a piteous little story, so simple, so human, so close to home, notwithstanding the alien surroundings of spangles and sawdust. Slight as it is, it thrills with the feeling of universality, and throws light into dark places. It shows what few of us have, perhaps, realised before—that the art may be a successful rival of the artist; that there must always be more or less rivalry; that many a man and many a woman having far larger and higher endowment than this humble atom of humanity would gladly give it all to be loved for themselves; that after all the "marital unhappiness of the stage" may be less the fault of those who are before the footlights than those who stand behind the scenes.

George Preston.

A NEW ALTAR BOOK.*

In 1893 Daniel Berkeley Updike and Harold Brown, laymen of the Diocese of Rhode Island, "stung with the splendour of a sudden thought," determined to create an *Altar Book* which, for dignity and nobleness of design and construction, might stand as a memorial of American bookmaking consecrated to the service of religion. In 1896 the result of their undertaking appeared, and may be supposed to have satisfied the best hopes of its authors. Upon Arnold hand-made paper of sumptuous quality, in type specially designed, with seven original plates by Robert Anning Bell, with borders and initials by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, with impressive colophons engraved by Charles Sherborn, an edition of 350 copies, set at the Merrymount Press and printed at the De Vinne Press, has at length appeared. *The Altar Book* contains the Order for the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, according to the use of the American Church; with the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels of the Book of Common Prayer for all the Sundays and Holy Days of the Year, together with those from the Occasional Offices and from the Ordinal. The book is richly rubricated. Sir John Stainer has edited the Ancient Plain Song, which, by its archaic notation, invests these splendid pages with a most venerable grace.

Those who have not seen the book may be inclined to suspect that we have overstated its merits. We are quite confident that our judgment of it will be confirmed upon an examination of the workmanship. The limited edition of the Standard Prayer-Book, with the plan of symbolism and method of decoration arranged by Mr. Updike, together with Mr. Goodhue's designs for borders and cover, is the worthy forerunner of the *Altar Book*, and from our own point of view is its superior in binding and in cover designs; but we think the plates by Mr. Anning Bell disclose an elevation of thought and a poetic refinement of expression not equalled in this country, perhaps not equalled among modern religious art workers in Europe. We would like to see every one of these plates reproduced in glass for cathedral windows. As an example of fine spirit in the choice and the correlation of subjects, one may speak of the plates for the First Sunday in Advent and for the Prayer of Consecration in the Office of the Holy Eucharist. The former plate is austere with the spirit of prophecy. Moses stands forth before the serpent in the wilderness, and beneath is the inscription:

"Et sicut Moyses exaltavit serpentem in deserto, ita exaltari oportet Filium Hominis."

The latter plate, exhibiting the Crucifixion of Our Lord, is accompanied with His own majestic words:

"Et Ego, si exaltatus fuero a terra, omnia traham Meipsum."

It is impossible to repress the belief that this great *Altar Book* may perform an important office of education.

* The Altar Book. D. B. Updike. Boston, Mass. Price, $75.

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Wherever these 350 copies shall distribute themselves, there must they testify on behalf of the consecration of art in the worship of Him from Whom proceed those mental and manual gifts that make possible the works of beauty. The offering of our most perfect work at the shrine of faith is no vain show. To invest the supreme functions of religion with stateliness and dignity may involve the peril of externalism in worship ; but this peril is less grave than that of demeaning the holy house with careless methods and cheap materials. A church which perpetuates the Old Testament ideas of glory and splendour in God's worship may also inherit the New Testament gift of spiritual life. But unless one stands for the best, even in the material attributes and instruments of devotion, one may be betrayed into the surrender of the spiritual earnestness that consecrates alike the seen and the unseen elements of life.

Charles Cuthbert Hall.

THE YEAR OF SHAME.*

The advantage to the poet of the expression of unofficial patriotism is seen in the resonant verse that William Watson has written of late, inspired by England's relation to European affairs, especially to the Armenian question. His "Purple East" sonnet sequence, of which the present volume is an enlargement, was recognised as a fine example of imaginative song upon an immediate topic of vital interest. It did not represent the perfunctory utterance of a laureate forced *ex officio* to hymn his country ; but, springing white-hot from the heart, the poetry had a tone of rebuke and a high quality, neither of which would have been present had the work been conventional. The opinion that Mr. Watson was led by his fervour into a prejudiced view did not in the least affect the impression of sincerity or the enjoyment of the poet's art and ideality. One pardons much to earnestness, and of didactic literature it may be said that the result justifies the means. If the poet turn preacher to the bettering of his verse, well and good.

The poems reprinted from the earlier collection of sonnets bear witness to Mr. Watson's careful workmanship. There are a number of verbal and rhythmical changes, invariably with a gain in music or expression ; the order, too, is somewhat altered with the chronology of events in mind, and two of the sonnets are omitted, while eight new pieces are added. Three of these are in the sonnet form—one, introducing the book "To a Lady," a graceful and happy thing, and those "To Russia" and "To the Sultan," familiar in the English newspapers, and certainly, in quality and spirit, well up to the high average of the "Purple East" series, while cognate in their theme.

Mr. Watson's indifference to accuracy for accuracy's sake is illustrated in his retention of the sonorous alliteration "Abdul the Damned" in the sonnet last mentioned. It was pointed out to him when the poem first appeared that, Abdul not being a name properly belonging to the Sultan, the epithet was wrong. "I retain in the sonnet to the Sultan," he says, in the author's note, "the inaccurate use of Abdul, upon which some critics have very naturally commented." There is a flavour of Wordsworth in the calm words. Watson is well aware that Keats's introduction of Cortez in the immortal sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," wrong as to fact though it might be, did not injure the lyric as literature. "Abdul the Damned," in the very sound of it, asserts its right to poetic existence. "On a Certain European Alliance" (No. XXII.), although it opens with some fine lines, is below the standard set by the volume as a whole, nor is the subject pleasing ; there is some lack of clearness, too, almost suggesting the need of a foot note. And there is here, perhaps, and in one or two other of the additional lyrics, a suspicion of rhetoric. "To Our Sovereign Lady" has the true ring, and doubtless voices a widespread English instinct of devoted loyalty ; and the sonnet on France, "On the Reported Expulsion of Ahmed Riza by the French Government," has no uncertain sound of music. It is nobly phrased and in the typical Watsonian mood of moral earnestness, with the generous

* The Year of Shame. By William Watson. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Hereford. New York and London : John Lane. 1.00.

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exaggeration which is condoned by its enthusiasm.

Three lyrics remain. "The Awakening," in blank verse of great flexibility, strength, and felicity, imagines England as "risen anew," ready to defend the helpless alien. The note is, on the side of patriotism, what one hears in Shakespeare's invocation,

"This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,"

or, for righteous wrath, in Milton's trumpet-blast on the Piedmontese. It is large, inspirational song. "How Weary is Our Heart," with its impressive refrain, of a less optimistic temper, is a severe arraignment of kings and governmental cabals,

"Of all the evil whereof this is part,
How weary is our heart,
How weary is our heart these many days!"

And, again, in the final "Europe at the Play," the reproof is wider, the warning a Jeremiad scoring all who "listlessly" look on at crimes and cruelties afar, and wash their hands of blame:

"Yet haply she shall learn too late,
In some blind hurricane of fate,
How fierily alive the things
She held as fool's imaginings,
And, though circuitous and obscure,
The feet of Nemsis how sure."

Obvious preaching this, but so plainly literature, that to one who is thinking primarily of form, diction, art, the work satisfies and delights. How exceeding rare it is to find purpose poetry—for such it may fairly enough be called—rising to such a level!

The Bishop of Hereford, in a warmly appreciative foreword, emphasises the volume as something more than a poet's song—he praises it as a "patriotic appeal, intended to provoke men to serious thought about national honour and duty, and to move the fountains of charity." That the poems do this is, however, no proof that they were written with such an intellectual purpose. Indeed, had they not been the spontaneous product of a poetic nature deeply moved by certain events, and crying out against what seemed to it ethically monstrous, literature would not have been the result. Long after the particular issue which gave it birth is forgotten or has fallen into the pale perspective of history, this slender fascicule of verse will be read for the pleasure and stimulation it affords; and this is only another way of saying that its final appeal will be literary, that it will stand the test—the eternal test—of beauty. That Mr. Watson can accomplish this in the field of didactic and polemical poetry—a division of literature strewn thick with failures or with the respectabilities of mediocrity—signifies that he is a singer of a very unusual order. For a bard so young, who already has such performance behind him, the future is big with augury.

Richard Burton.

WILLIAM WATSON.

O strong, sweet Voice beyond the sunrise seas!
In something of the old prophetic tongue
Thou spakest, when thy scornful numbers rung
Rebuke to treacherous England's sordid ease.
And slumbers yet St. George? And lies the spear
Still idle? Strange! In old days, not so long
Departed, he awaked to combat wrong
For less than thy deep summons on his ear.
Ah, woe for Merry England, if he sleep
Too soundly for thy calling to arouse!
Not soon shall sound another Voice, so deep
With purposed ends of virtue, lit with flame
Diviner, O thou with unlaurelled brows
Wreathed with the widening sunrise of thy fame!

William Field.

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NOVEL NOTES.

WITH FORTUNE MADE. By Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

There are so few tales of Provence that the environment has the charm of novelty, and invests this quiet story with a freshness that it would otherwise hardly possess. It lies along well-worn lines; indeed, the waiting for a dead man's shoes has done longer and harder service (with, of course, the exception of love) than almost any other theme. Yet it is a motive that usually interests, and in this instance the author has made such admirable use of it that the story would have been interesting had the setting been as familiar as the subject. But, having this new *milieu*, with its romantic atmosphere, its picturesque scenes, and its unique types, the work stands apart from the innumerable tales of a like kind. In character drawing it is notably superior; the hard old Provençal who, "with fortune made," returns to his native country and pulls down an ancient château in order to make room for a house on the American plan, is distinctly real. The mingled motives of cold malice and natural yearning for the ties of blood which cause him to gather his kindred under the new roof is true to the life and intensely human and pathetic, with all its grim humour. The nieces and nephews thus assembled furnish in turn several subtle psychological studies, and a slender thread of a love story sounds the needed note of sentiment. The work is mainly introspective; there is little, if any, action in the whole tale; but if one has plenty of time, not many novels are so well worth reading slowly and attentively.

McLEOD OF THE CAMERONS. By M. Hamilton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

If there be any one thing that a reader has a right to expect of a writer, it is that he shall know what he is after when he sets out to write a novel. And of this the author of *McLeod of the Camerons* seems not to have had the vaguest notion. The first impression seems the intention to make a hasty, ill-mated marriage the *raison d'être;* but if such were the case it is abandoned within the opening pages, and McLeod becomes the central figure, through his love for the unhappy wife, only to be almost immediately subordinated to innumerable characters who come and go without rhyme or reason. The scene shifts from the sea to Malta and back to England, while the conversation rambles with rapid change from rocks to roses, from politics to puns, from Mahomet to Moses. Yet the feeling of the work, so far as it may be formulated, seems to be intensely serious. The approaching madness and the violent death of McLeod are certainly tragic enough. But these two features of the work merely accentuate the irrelevant triviality of the rest, being too heavy ballast for the cockle-shell of a story freighted with rubbish and aimlessly adrift on an ocean of foam.

THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN THE SAND. By Ella Higginson. Seattle: The Calvert Company.

It would seem from these stories as if a new Mary E. Wilkins may have arisen to bring Puget Sound within the literary horizon. There is no trace of imitation. On the contrary, the sketches are notably new work, notwithstanding a marked general resemblance to the earlier stories of Miss Wilkins. Like hers, these sketches are studies of quiet, isolated types lived close to the soil. Like hers, these throb with repressed intensity, which is psychological rather than physical. Like hers, the male types are relatively few and vague. Like hers, nearly all of the stories—the one that gives the book its name, "The Isle of Lepers," "The Takin' in of old Mis' Lane," "A Point of Knuckling Down," "In the Bitter Root Mountains," "Patience Appleby's Confessing Up"—have to do with some questions of conscience. And it is in the treatment of this common motive, as well as in the less perfect art of the newer writer, that the unlikeness of the work appears. The new stories are as completely free from morbidity as is the environment which they portray. The questions of conscience are obvious and large. Patience Appleby does not faint from hunger while settling the ownership of scraps of calico in a quilt. She innocently suffers social ostracism and even expulsion from the church to shield a girl friend from disgrace. The point of view of the whole work is broad, the feeling is strenuous, and the presentation is forceful. One story, "The Cuttin' Out of Bart Winn," is a stirring revelation of the author's descriptive power which finds no scope in the other stories. The description of the Indian boat race is brilliantly written, and altogether the book is more than good, making one wish to hear from the writer again.

FRANCES WALDEAUX. By Rebecca Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

It does not often happen that a writer who, having done strong work, declines upon something weaker, then retrieves himself—or herself—through a fresh, strong story. And yet that is just what the author of *Dr. Warrick's Daughters* has done by means of this more recent novel; for, whatever the faults of the tale, there can be no question of its vitality. Frances Waldeaux herself seems particularly alive, notwithstanding that she is, according to the most widely accepted views of the feminine nature, an utterly preposterous creation. It was long ago decided by the most infallible of masculine critics that there never had been, was not, and never could be a woman possessed of a sense of humour like unto a man's sense of humour. So that this little woman, who makes a living for herself and her son by writing a daily column of Rabelaisian fun, cannot, of course, find any correspondence in reality; yet Mrs. Davis has nevertheless made it the pivotal motive of her story. Aside from this the story is commonplace. There is nothing out of the common in an inexperienced young man's falling a victim to an unscrupulous woman's wiles, and making her his wife without the consent or even the knowledge of his mother. But supposing there ever lived a woman with humour sufficient

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to coin, she would hardly be likely to go on, as Frances Waldeaux goes on, coining it for the benefit of a daughter-in-law whom she has repudiated, and whom in a fit of madness, from the shock of the marriage, she attempts to murder. By the light of unsettled reason she thinks quite calmly of ridding the world of the monster who is killing her son, destroying him soul and body.

"She was conscious of a strange exaltation, as from wine, as if she would never need to sleep nor eat again. Her thoughts came and went like flashes of fire. She watched Lisa as she would a vampire, a deadly, creeping beast. . . . Her mind, too, as never before, was full of a haughty complacency in herself. She felt like the member of some petty sect who is sure that God communes with him inside of His altar rails, while the man is outside whom he believes that God made only to be damned. . . . She prayed to him frantically that Lisa might soon be put off the earth. Just as the Catholic used to pray before he massacred the Huguenot, or the Protestant when he tied his Catholic brother to the stake. If this woman was mad for blood, it was a madness which many sincere people have shared."

The melodramatic character of the tale must be apparent from this brief quotation. It is loosely tied together, and interrupted by much irrelevant and inharmonious matter, and yet with these serious faults its intense vitality lifts it above the ordinary and leaves a vivid impression of freshness and strength.

MISS AYR OF VIRGINIA, AND OTHER STORIES. By Miss Julia Magruder. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. $1.25.

These eight stories by Miss Magruder are of varying merit. On the whole they are pleasantly and unpretendingly written, and in them the author attempts no more than she can achieve. "The Story of an Old Soul" is most immediately effective, and "His Heart's Desire" shows most observation and imagination. But these stories are more noticeable for the persistence of certain literary types than for any fresh observation of character and life. In them all the women are supremely beautiful, nearly all the men are wonderfully handsome, and the love is of the intense, unreflecting, time-honoured kind. Of the complexity of modern life and character, of their well-nigh infinite combinations and shadings, there is little if any trace. And at times accuracy, not to say subtlety of observation, is wanting. It seems not to occur to the author that feminine talk is not like masculine talk; that individuals as well as sections of country are differentiated by speech; that there are words and phrases which are peculiar to persons and localities as well. East or West, North or South, however, Miss Magruder's men and women talk very much alike. Yet it is hardly probable that a New York man would say, "Yes—born and *raised* here;" or that a Virginia girl, who had never before been out of her State, would use the word "clever" in its ordinary English sense.

Then there is emphasis given to the feminine quality of these stories by an undue dwelling upon clothes; and this, too, at critical moments, when we are more interested in what is to happen to the heroine than in her dress. It matters not at all, for instance, how Mrs. Leith was clad on that eventful evening when, for the last time, she met her recalcitrant husband. It was argued that the unknown author of *Jane Eyre* must be a man, because that author had sent to the breakfast-table a lady dressed in a blue silk gown. To be accurate in these minor details is well; but, like the planets, we must "observe degree, priority, and place." The feminine mind should not, like poor Ophelia, mix up the fashion of Hamlet's doublet with his apparent lunacy, and ascribe equal importance to both. Of character drawing in these stories, whether of man or woman, there is not much. Yet in "The Story of an Old Soul" the child who virtually changes places with her father arrests attention; and in the analytical description of Easton, the musician, crushed by inimical surroundings, there are strong and convincing touches.

With less care for clothes and conventionality, and with a keener perception of the essentials of human life, love, fear, hope, joy, pain, which are perpetually combining and recombining—the old elements into ever new forms—Miss Magruder can do better things. "An eye to see nature; a heart to feel nature; a hand that dares follow nature," this old rule of the Welsh bards is good for all. Observation is the basis of the arts, characterisation is their ultimate achievement or crown. Closer observation and a wider outlook upon life are what this author needs.

Certain literery types have done duty so long that they are entitled to honourable retirement. Yet though most of Miss Magruder's men and women ought to be relegated to that literary elysium where dwell the Amanda Melvina Fitzallens and Lord Mortimers of a bygone day—an hour may be spent far less agreeably than in the company of *Miss Ayr of Virginia* and the companion stories.

ON THE RED STAIRCASE. By M. Imlay Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

The "red staircase" is in the Kremlin, and the story woven about it is an historical romance of Russian court life. It depicts a series of stormy and dramatic events growing out of the disputed succession to Czar Fedor. His brother Iván was blind and almost imbecile, and his half-brother Peter, destined to become Peter the Great, was at this time a young child. The terrific struggle between the two factions is headed by the sister of Iván and the mother of Peter, and the story opens with the call of the Patriarch to the populace to decide which of the contestants shall be the Czar. The narrator is a young French gentleman whose love for a beautiful Russian girl furnishes the sentiment of the romance. There is nothing especially novel in the conception of the story itself, and the author has used more of the machinery of the old-fashioned melodrama than is generally found in modern fiction. The hidden door, the dark passage, the abduction of the hero and heroine in turn, and the rescue of one by the other as occasion requires, are all laid along antique lines. Yet it is so admirably done, and the effect is so completely charming, that one wishes the lost art were more generally revived. After the many problem-novels and the myriad psychological disquisitions disguised as fiction, a wholesome, breezy tale like this, honestly and brilliantly told for its own sake, is a real treat, to be enjoyed without thought of criticism.

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SIMPLICITY. By A. T. G. Price. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.00.

In the attempt to do something courageous, the author has succeeded in doing something shocking; for while it is, perhaps, true that these are times of unprecedented liberty of religious opinion, the era has happily not yet arrived in which the Bible may be held up to ridicule without offence to good taste. And however widely men may differ on theological points, it still seems to be customary among the civilised to treat those things on which others are resting their souls' salvation with at least a measure of respect. It should, however, be said in extenuation that the author appears to be young and inexperienced. At all events, the work is crude, and aside from the offences mentioned utterly commonplace. It mentions "brilliant ideas that flash over" the heroine, but it does not communicate them to the reader. "Simplicity," who might have been more aptly called "self-conceit," runs the usual tilt against almost everything that the wisest and best men and women have always accepted as the anchors and safeguards of the race. The revolt is more incoherent even than usual, but leads, as it must lead sooner or later, to wretchedness and ruin, and ends in this case, as it too often ends, in suicide. The quality of the work, as well as the irreverence with which it handles mysteries approached by great thinkers with awe, is summed up in the concluding paragraph:

"Dear Simplicity! I have never thought much about such things, but if there is any future happiness beyond this life, I am sure she will have a share of it. But it is getting late; we must go home. Good-bye, Simplicity."

ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS. By F. A. Steel. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

We do not meet with a novel of this order once in ten years. It is a monument of patient labour, a storehouse of precise facts. On its imaginative side it is strongly and deeply impressive. Architecturally it is a wonder, but we did not recognise this at once. Mrs. Steel's aim was to write a history of the Indian Mutiny, which should at the same time be a work of fiction, the fiction to serve the history by lighting it up with living human interest. As to her facts, she says, "The reader may rest assured that every incident bearing in the remotest degree on the Indian Mutiny, or on the part which real men took in it, is scrupulously exact, even in the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather." A critic of fiction has most concern with the other part, and there we hold that Mrs. Steel has used her vast array of knowledge with great skill, that she has made us realise, as we never did before, the signs of the oncoming storm, the mystery and tragedy of it, the sensations of the natives, loyal and disaffected, and of the Anglo-Indians. No one save the historian has taken such trouble before, and these have left the imagination out. Of the fineness of the detail it is impossible to speak too highly, or of the great mental effort exercised to hold together the mass of facts, personalities, sensations. But it has the defects of its qualities. A reader is sometimes overwhelmed, dazed, and baffled by the demands on his attention. Such a book deserves its very best chance, which is the careful consideration of ample leisure. It is not a play-hour novel, but a bit of hard reading, with matter in it to reward the labour and to rouse the keenest admiration for the writer's force and sympathetic imagination.

A REBELLIOUS HEROINE. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

The professional funny man has a peculiar advantage that in a measure compensates him for his task of living up to public expectations—namely, that he can say extraordinary things which, if they make sense and are admired for their wisdom, may be fathered in *propriâ personâ*, and if not are set down for jesting in his *rôle* of clown. Of this privilege it is evident that Mr. Bangs is well aware. He fires, as it were, to hit if it is deer and miss if it is cow. *A Rebellious Heroine*, for instance, may be a broad satire of the realists of the day, a species of allegory based upon the well-known propensity of characters in fiction to run away from their authors, or it may be simply a fantastical tale contrived for an hour's diversion. It possesses humorous situations, but there is something rather bewildering about the story of a young author, Stuart Harley, who begins to write a novel only to find that the heroine he has selected balks him at every turn. He has planned that she is to go abroad, but she, resenting being thus ordered about, elects to remain at home and to show him by her conduct toward the lovers he offers her that although he can lead her to the altar he cannot make her wed, until through the intervention of a friend, who takes up the story at this point, he woos her himself.

Frankly whimsical as the idea is, it might be suggested that a certain amount of verisimilitude is owing to the reader, which is totally destroyed by the heroine's being permitted an independent existence in which she comments upon her author's arbitrary intentions. If Mr. Bangs had stuck to his plan of making her appear only in Harley's narrative, the story would have been less *tiré par les cheveux*. As it is, the accommodating reader is called upon to bear a good deal, for he finds, after having docilely adapted himself to Mr. Bangs's concatenation of fantasies, that he has been duped, and that Stuart Harley himself is a myth like Marguerite Andrews, and likewise the professor and the doctor, and that among this shadowy chaos there stands out palpable only Mr. Bangs. But it is a way this vivacious gentleman has, this of rising superior to mere mundane restrictions; and no one should essay to go after him who cannot upon occasion believe that the sum of two and two is five.

JAMES; OR, VIRTUE REWARDED. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

The author of this book, a man apparently, says he chooses to remain anonymous lest his neighbours should discover among themselves the originals of his characters. It is not an excuse for reserve with which to engage much sympathy, so that it may be fairly put down for, what is more on the surface of it, a ruse to stimulate interest, particularly since it is obvious that the degree of danger of discovery depends altogether on the realism of the sketch. The virtue that is rewarded is the virtue of regard for appearances. The satire is rather

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neatly worked out, albeit the matter of fact who believe steadfastly that the wicked shall perish may not stumble over it, and in that case will assuredly see in the story an entrance to the broad way that leadeth to destruction. There is a quality of freshness in the history of a scoundrel who, instead of being overtaken by the retribution which from time immemorial it has been the privilege of novelists to inflict, prospers right merrily, barring a slight check from his female confederate, to which he rises superior with a thoroughgoing grit which we cannot but admire. James is only the son of a village carpenter, but by dint of application and regular attendance at church, as well as by virtue of a handsome face, he rises to wealth and an important position. Up to this point it is obvious that he is a prig; moreover, he is selfish to his parents. His faults, however, as George Eliot wrote of Amos Barton's, have been middling. But our author is determined that his chief character shall arouse more than lukewarm interest. James presently emerges from the sleek coat that covered him, a bold schemer, untrue to the trusts reposed in him, and faithless to his harmless, tedious little wife. Bad as is the moral of his escape from the just consequences of his perfidy, we must admit that in real life such canting hypocrites are sometimes seen prospering in mocking defiance of all poetic justice.

The picture of Doddersfield, the scene of James's exploits, is particularly well drawn, with its prosy, fussy, conscientious inhabitants, too entirely good to have any part in the wicked follies of a world given over to pleasure, but not above extracting from church meetings, church bazaars, church squabbles, and church gossip a spice of excitement. The book is written in a quaintly old-fashioned style, suggesting in its pungency, not to its own disadvantage, the vigour of Mr. Hardy, and set off here and there with rhythmical and sonorous periods half humorously used.

THE STAR SAPPHIRE. By Mabel Collins. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.50.

There are fashions in reforms as in everything else, and it is so long since the passing of the temperance crusade that it seems strange to find it the motive of a new novel. Yet Philip Tempest, a man of high social position, wealth, and leisure, resolves to make temperance his life-work. It appears in the beginning of the story as though his wife opposes this attitude upon his part, because she feels it to be out of touch with the time and actually absurd in their social environment.

"'There was never any understanding Philip,' she said, 'or guessing what he might think it his duty to do. After that dreadful night of the dinner-party I was always afraid of him. It seemed to me such a cruel, unreasonable, senseless thing to do to ask a lot of society people to dinner and give them nothing to drink. I was frightened to face them, and sat in my room shuddering. . . . It seemed to me such an insult.'"

After this, failing to turn him from his purpose, and fiercely resentful of his fear that she herself touches drink too often and too freely, she drinks with rapidly increasing recklessness, until the husband finds his sad mission in his own home. It is a common story from this point, and it is not well written at any point, but there nevertheless is something terribly real in it that holds the attention to the hopeless end.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE. By William B. Cairns, A.M. New York: Ginn & Co. $1.25.

A good test of one's rhetorical insight and breadth is the definition of style which one may drop by the way. The instructor who grasps the simple truth that style is investing an idea with fitting dignity and distinction will usually be found to range with sure step and at a high level through the labyrinthine commonplace of a school or college rhetoric. The instructor who implies, as Mr. Cairns does, that style has mainly to do with "choice of words and their arrangement in phrases, clauses, sentences, and paragraphs," is foredoomed to dwell in the dark Cimmerian desert of shreds and patches. One might as well state that "to be platitudinous is to be happy" as that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts in a matter of art. The letter-press and terminology of Mr. Cairns's book invite a comparison with Professor Genung's pioneer work in the domain of "practical" rhetoric, to which, with a courtesy almost unprecedented in the annals of American school books, he acknowledges his indebtedness be it ever so briefly. To condense into one volume Professor Genung's three volumes, which are the embodiment of much fresh and close thinking, is of course to lose in colour and suggestiveness what is gained in precision and movement. In his illustrative selections Mr. Cairns has not strayed far from the conventional literary paths. Aside from the psychology of persuasion and a few simple and convincing definitions like that of "the burden of proof," and a certain contemporaneity, we fail to discover in what points this handbook differs, in scope and general plan, from others now before the public.

Mr Cairns is of the opinion that in the study of style "examples" should be chosen from the pupil's own work rather than from the English classics; but in discussing "invention" he nestles circumspectly under the coat-tails of Macaulay, Eliot, and Stevenson *ad libitum*. Now he helps and anon he seems to retard the youthful penman scratching along the path of knowledge. To our mind it is adding an unnecessary thorn to inform such a struggler that "the writer will do well to assure himself there is some special reason why the subject chosen will be interesting to his readers." What has he to do with "the writer" or, in literary parlance, with "readers"? The high-school boy or girl needs, rather, to be encouraged to write about anything he or she is sufficiently interested in. As

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for "themes," certain sentences in the instructor's own book might be utilised in arousing that curiosity which in youth is the mainspring and divine impulse of expression. For instance:

"To be plain, simple, and straightforward, is not necessarily to be bald."

Would Mr Cairns wait till he is sure of the boy's audience, even to the bald-headed row, before permitting him to essay so merry and absorbing a theme in "exposition"? Again, what boy, even of a pretty large growth, is going to be convinced that the so-called newspaper expression "to muff a fly" would be "improper in a serious work intended for general readers"? One is inclined to question the propriety of so "serious" a "work." What, pray, would Mr. Cairns say? "Failed to catch a ball knocked in the air?"

In the chapter on Narration (*pace* Professor Matthews!) no distinction is made between the Story Which is Short and the Short Story. Under the latter are included the "Condensed Long Story" and "Stories that Portray Character." Now, why, oh, why, are these fences broken down? Does not every printer's devil know that little stories portraying character are sketches, and belong under Description? And then the labels and ticketings, when not suggested by the pioneer treatise above referred to, are so novel as to be disconcerting. Did not Webster say that Clearness, Force, and *Elegance* are the qualities which produce conviction? And if he did not, will "Ease" ever express one half of the word Elegance? Who every heard of Ease? Is style like an "Easy Latin Method?" Professor Genung said Beauty, which suggests something to be striven for, sand-papered, polished, and rouged if need be. These are words that have had a snug berth from Quintilian to Quackenbos. They are "all ye need to know," O scholars! Now avoid profitless logomachies and go to work.

AT RANDOM. By L. F. Austin. New York and London: Ward, Locke & Co. $1.25.

The essays and sketches that make up this attractive volume have already appeared in English periodicals, and are here given in larger type with marginal headings—"finger-posts which the reviewer may find sufficiently luminous without exploring the adjacent country." A rubricated book-plate, circumscribed "We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see," and the frontispiece portrait of the author frankly invite one to be *en rapport* with the personality, or impersonality, of a certain delightful page in the *Sketch*, which Mr. Clement Shorter, it is quaintly hinted, has watched with feelings "not unmixed with wonder and alarm."

Mr. Austin is a ripe product of the higher journalism, a man of "original virtues," as Mr. Kipling would perhaps say, who has held on to them well amid the vicissitudes of his craft. The wonder is not that he is familiar with so many subjects, in the world of men and books and imagination, but that on his tour through them he has stopped at so many points of general interest. He knows the psychological moment of approach to an old-time theme, and has a quick eye for the picturesque and characteristic in the life about him. His humour is alternately sedate, fantastic, or ironical. It does not rollick and bray like Mr. Bernard Shaw's, nor quietly cheer like Mr. Quiller Couch's, nor has it the touch-and-go of Mr. Zangwill's wit. It has a gentlemanly quality of its own, and is as urbane, concise, and unobtrusive as the style which is its vehicle. Strongly influenced by Thackeray (we are told), Mr. Austin's heart is less visualised than was Thackeray's. He has, rather, the sympathy and candour, though none of the lush, mellow manner of Mr. Laurence Hutton. Compared with the collection of "fragments" recently published by Mr J. E. Chamberlin, *At Random* is cosmopolitan in tone and more sanely panoramic. Mr. Austin extradites his consciousness to the objects of his observation without a twinge of pain or a sign of self confusion. On this account, perhaps, his book has been termed "an impersonal diary of an intellectual Londoner." It is more.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF FLORENCE. By Laurence Hutton. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00.

Mr. Laurence Hutton writes in a plaintive and childlike way that is rather taking, and he intersperses his narrative with various interesting bits; so that we should have nothing but commendation for his little book did we not find indications in the Introduction of a tendency to take himself far too seriously in that he sees fit to state that he has given here "much information which does not elsewhere exist in any connected form, and much more which is the result of personal research and observation never before printed in any shape." He also adds that in the cases of Dante and Boccaccio he thinks that he has cleared up a number of doubtful points and established more than one new and important fact not elsewhere upon record. We must confess that after reading the book through very carefully we have not been able to discover any addition to the world's general stock of knowledge, and we suspect that Mr. Hutton has rather underrated the value of those works on the subject of Florence that already existed. He has, to be sure, succeeded in pointing out several errors in the current guide books; but to correct the statements of the sapient Mr. Hare or even of the indispensable Baedeker, can scarcely be considered a feat worthy to be described as one of original research. The relative positions of a pump and a particular street are not things to write prefaces about, and we advise Mr. Hutton to stick to sentiment and to let the pumps alone. As a specimen of his methods of "research" and of his powers of argument we may quote the following from his remarks on the question as to whether Dante was married in the Church of S. Martino:

"As Dante was undoubtedly born somewhere, so was he unquestionably married somewhere and to somebody; and if he was not married in this particular church, we have no authority for believing that he was married anywhere else."

Somehow or other, this reminds us of certain of Mark Twain's cogitations on various relics, shrines, and literary landmarks; but Mark meant his observations to be taken as a joke, while Mr. Hutton apparently does not.

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'CUSTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Chicago: The W. B. Conkey Co. 75 cts.

The poem which gives the title to this volume is written in the Spenserian stanza and is divided up into cantos after the fashion of an epic, with a formal invocation of the Muse at the beginning. Mrs. Wilcox writes smoothly and well, and has a good deal more literary skill than some persons are willing to concede to her; but somehow or other we liked her best before she reformed and gave up writing those poems of palpitating passion over which Mr. Dana used to be so shocked in his editorial columns. What strikes us most in the present book are the pictures, over which we have lingered with a good deal of satisfaction. Take, for instance, the picture which faces page 16, and which represents a young woman with a very limited supply of clothing, lying fast asleep on a divan with a basket of fruit and a decanter beside her. On the other side of the room, near the bureau, is a cloud, out of which arises a vision of the young woman's dressmaker. We do not quite know why she should be haunted in sleep by the apparition of her dressmaker unless, perhaps, she owes her a bill; and in fact we do not absolutely know that it *is* her dressmaker, for the pictures in the book are scattered about without any reference to the poems which they are supposed to illustrate; and as we have not taken the time to search for the poem to which this picture belongs, we have had to size up the vision on the basis of its general appearance; so that it may be the upstairs girl, after all. By the time that the book reaches a second edition we trust that the young lady on the divan will have waked up for a minute or two and pulled at least a sheet over herself, as she will certainly catch a severe and perhaps fatal cold if she doesn't.

FRIENDLY LETTERS TO GIRL FRIENDS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

As the author modestly says in the preface, these letters are not full disquisitions, but rather mere suggestions. They are, however, considerably enlarged from the serial form in which they first appeared, and they are perhaps as definite as any abstract advice can be made. Of the graceful manner of the work it seems scarcely necessary to speak, since it is equal to the writer's best. Nor need the wholesome sweetness of its spirit be dwelt upon, since that is the soul of the body of Mrs. Whitney's books. About half of the new volume is taken up with the discussion of literature, and in nothing does the author do better service to the young than in discouraging those cut-and-dried "courses of reading" which have wasted so much time and led so many into error. In books other than fiction one's tastes and the desire for some special branch of knowledge are the only really reliable guides. In fiction the only safe way—the way of the right, pure instinct—

"is to enter no scenes, linger in no companionship which you would not seek in real life."

The latter half of the work treats of social topics from a point of view so very old-fashioned that it is delightfully new.

"The individual comes first; we cannot make society out of anything else than individuals. Be individual, therefore; honestly and contentedly the best individual you can. Don't trouble about getting into society as an obvious achievement. It is no matter whether you make it obvious or not. If you are a genuine anybody, you are in society already, and nothing can keep you out, even though you may be outside some cobweb line of a 'four hundred.' . . . Society as a pursuit, an end, is a thing without a soul. The home spirit, from the sharing of which between home and home it grew, has departed out of it. It is dead. It is a corruption. A professional society woman is a parasite upon the world's heart growth, helping as a microbe of disease to eat out its vitality."

THE MASTERY OF BOOKS. By Harry Lyman Koopman. New York: American Book Company. 90 cts.

In this little book of two hundred pages Mr. Koopman gives the reader some pleasantly written discussion of bookish matters. He tells what one ought to read and how much one should read (which, by the way, we think rather presumptuous on his part), with some observations on note-taking, and the place of the library in education. He has also something to say about language-study, and we gather incidentally that he is a "spelling reformer," and believes also that a universal form of speech will at some time prevail, though he modestly observes that "to fix either the character of the world-language or the date of its adoption would manifestly be unsafe." We should think it would. At the end of the volume Mr. Koopman comes down from the sphere of theory, and gives us a classified list of books, apparently with the object of providing a choice select library of moderate compass for a community in which the majority of persons wish their reference works to be entirely in English. Looking over his list, we are not very much impressed with his capacity for making such a selection. Thus, under Bibliography he sets down only six volumes, one of them being Thompson's *Palæography*, which is not a bibliography, though it does contain a very special list of palæographical works; but why thrust this into such a list when the class of readers whom he has in mind would never think of using it, while he fails to cite either Kelsey or Mayor, not to mention Hübner and Teuffel-Schwabe-Warr? Under Philosophy he does not mention Ueberweg, though that work is in itself a perfect treasury of bibliographical reference. Under Mythology he cites the elementary books of Guerber while he says nothing of Gailey's very admirable revision of Bulfinch, supplied as it is with continuous references to modern literature, even though it is published by a house which is a rival of that which prints Mr. Koopman's book. Under Language he mentions the thoroughly antiquated book of Peile, and says nothing of Strong, Logeman, and Wheeler—giving us, in fact, the titles of only three works altogether, no one of them later than 1877. Under Greek Literature he does not cite the recent work of Jevons, nor under Latin Literature the exquisitely written volume lately put forth by Mackail. It is hardly necessary to continue this criticism any further. Suffice it to say that Mr. Koopman seems to have an especial fondness for books that are obsolete and no longer in the first rank; and that in consequence his list as a whole is an excellent one for any small library to avoid as a basis for purchase and selection.

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BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

We have before us a book by Professor J. M. Hoppin, entitled *Greek Art on Greek Soil*, which we are not going to review. We shall, however, express our great regret that a firm of the high character and standing of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company should put their imprint upon a work of this sort and advertise it to the delusion of the public. We are quite certain that no competent reader for a publishing house, who had even an elementary knowledge of classical studies, could have recommended its publication; for it is a book whose contents are not only discreditable to the house that issues it, but to American classical scholarship as well, and especially to the university from which the volume emanates.—— We have received from Messrs. Harper and Brothers two little paper-covered plays, the first being *A Previous Engagement*, by W. D. Howells, which is one of his usual studies in feminine psychology, and is as delicate and subtle as is all his work of this sort. (Price, 50 cents.) The second play is a pleasing little paraphrase by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews, from the German, entitled *Six Cups of Chocolate*. The substitution of American for German local colour has been very well done, and the characters, who represent girls from different sections of the country, make the fact clear by their little dialectic differences. We are sorry that one of them splits an infinitive (p. 15), but she probably did it herself, so that Miss Matthews is not to blame. The comedietta is an excellent one to be acted by young girls who are looking about for something not too ambitious to begin with. (Price, 25 cents.)

When a person sets out to write a book of fairy stories, we always like to know what sort of an audience he or she is looking for; or, to put it more concretely, we should like to know what sort of an audience Elcy Burnham was looking for in writing *Modern Fairyland*, published lately by the Arena Publishing Company, of Boston, on very shiny paper. The reason we ask is that it is so full of long words as to make it quite unintelligible to a young child, while the treatment is altogether too simple to interest a mature person. Take this paragrapn for example:

> "Invitations were hastily given out and preparations were made on the most elaborate scale. During the hubbub and excitement that attends such affairs the most important 'person' crept about in her unconcerned way oblivious of everything going on, and talking to herself in a language untranslatable."

Fancy firing off such sentences as these at a child in the nursery! Elcy Burnham is, in fact, herself talking in a language untranslatable to children. Indeed, the only book that we have seen in the last six months that a normal small child could really understand from beginning to end is one by Miss Maude Florence Bellar, entitled *Santa Claus's New Castle*, which we briefly noticed in the Christmas BOOKMAN. In truth, the art of writing for children seems likely to become a lost one.

The Messrs. Harper and Brothers publish *The Ship's Company*, by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N. It is an excellent account of the life of those who spend their time on board the great ocean steamers, including also yachts. It contains an interesting chapter on the superstitions of sailors, and is full of interesting incidents, illustrations, and anecdotes, beside being lavishly supplied with excellent illustrations, chiefly from photographs. The same firm send us *A History of the German Struggle for Liberty*, by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, in two volumes. (Price, $7.00.) It is a very well-written account of the patriotic uprising in Germany, which finally succeeded in throwing off the yoke imposed upon the German States by the First Napoleon. Mr. Bigelow is thoroughly familiar with Germany and the Germans, and writes with much force and freedom, and in a style that carries one along unwearied. One of the most attractive features of the work is to be found in the illustrations, which are very numerous and extremely well executed. It is interesting to note that Mr. Bigelow's old friend, the German Kaiser, allowed him free access to the Prussian archives, and detailed a military officer and a civil functionary to assist him in his researches. Altogether it is a most readable and instructive book.

The Macmillan Company have issued two more volumes in their Illustrated Standard Novels series—namely, Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* and Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*. Each volume contains forty illustrations, by Charles E. Brock and Chris Hammond respectively. *Westward Ho!* is so popular a favourite as to need no introduction, and Miss Edgeworth's less popular story, though one of the best known of her tales, is introduced by Mrs. Ritchie in her charming manner. It was on the appearance of *Belinda* that Mr. Hare wrote: "The Edgeworths immediately became famous, and the books were at once translated into French and German." (Price, $1.50 per volume)——*Magnhild and Dust* composes another volume in the edition of Björnson's novels edited by Edmund Gosse and published by the same firm. Mr. Gosse tells us that when *Magnhild* was first issued in Copenhagen, in the year 1877, it produced a powerful impression in Scandinavia, and led to much polemical discussion. Though one of the least known of his productions, it has already been translated into Swedish and German previous to its rendering into English. (Price, $1.25.)

Mr. Edward Arnold has published a new edition of a book entitled *The Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare*, which was originally issued for private circulation, and has been for a long time out of print. It is a work that no Shakespearian scholar who is desirous of having his library on the subject complete will be long without, once he learns of its interesting character and valuable contents. The volume, in a word, aims at being a complete and authoritative work of reference on the plants mentioned by Shakespeare. The author, one of those country-loving vicars not uncommon in the Church of England, takes each plant separately, and under certain classifications gives an amount of information regarding its nature, history, and place in legend and poetry. The illustrations are characteristic of the work, many of them having been sketched from scenes around Stratford-on-Avon. One notices, too, that the book has a good index, which enhances its value as a work of reference.

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AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

Exact Reference to Printed or Manuscript Pages.

A yachtsman making a voyage on an ocean liner would be interested less in the machinery by which they took on and discharged immense cargoes in a few hours than in less important details which would have practical value to him when cruising in his own little craft. So the bookman among librarians is concerned mostly with such items of library economy as have practical usefulness in his own private library and in his own daily literary work. Perhaps the first thing is to agree upon the best method for the almost infinite number of references to books, pamphlets, manuscripts, and serials.

The need of this is felt not alone by those who have occasion to print these references or to send them to others in manuscript, but by all who work much with any kind of printed or written matter. The book may belong to a library or to a friend, so that no marks can be put directly on the pages. A typewriter or assistant may have to consult or copy the passages from another copy of the book. Most commonly a record must be made of these references in connection with other work, so that a marked copy will not suffice. This throws one back on the laborious method of counting and recording lines, though most of the references are not to single words or lines, but to sentences and to paragraphs. Obviously something more compact and much easier to use is greatly needed in this age of stenographers, typewriters, and other devices to save the literary worker's time. The most accurate reference is, of course, to the page, the number of the line (counting from the top and omitting the folio line), and of the word in the line. A few text- and other books much quoted have every fifth or tenth line numbered in the margin to facilitate such reference, and the importance of exact reference is so much felt in important correspondence, that the practice is growing of having the lines of letter-heads numbered. But these, the exceptional cases, are only frequent enough to emphasise the convenience of a plan readily applicable to all printed and written matter. The following plan, used for twenty years, has been found to be a great labour-saver and also remarkably simple in application. In memoranda made a dozen years ago and filled with these references the eye falls almost invariably at the very first glance upon the exact sentence intended. The method was early adopted for indexing the official publication of the American and British Library Association, and is now used successfully in many other publications and by many literary workers.

The system can be made intelligible in the single sentence usually printed at the head of an index in which it is used:

"Superior figures tell the exact place on the page in ninths—*e.g.*, 99^4 means in the fourth ninth of page 99."

While these dozen words describe the method, its practical value is so great to those who understand how to use it most economically that space is given to a full description.

The page is given with a superior figure, showing the position on the page in ninths. 43^8 refers to page 43 and to the lines in the eighth of nine equal divisions of the letter-press on that page For paging having two or more columns two superior figures are used; the first denoting the column number, the second position in the column—*e.g.*, 43^{35} is page 43, column 3, in the fifth ninth of the column counting from the top. Nine is the best number, because no reference will require more than a single figure to indicate the distance down the page, and column may be specified without confusion by using a second figure, and chiefly, as shown below, because this division better than any other enables one to make exact reference without using a graduated ruler or scale. To be of much practical value in quick work these numbers must be assigned at sight without computation or measurement.

Five minutes will master this system. In the superior figures used to indicate position on the page, ^{5} refers to the middle of the nine equal sections, and the ^{3} and ^{7} to the sections half way between the middle and the top or bottom. As any eye can bisect the page and half page readily, the ^{3}, ^{5}, and ^{7} are thus accurately fixed at a glance; and as ^{1} and ^{9} are for the extreme top and bottom sections, all the odd digits are perfectly definite. It is from these entirely that references are made and found, for the even digits, ^{2}, ^{4}, ^{6}, and ^{8}, are used only as modifiers of these main positions. Obviously, ^{2} and ^{8} are the sections just below the top and just above the bottom, and ^{4} and ^{6} are equally obvious, as just above or below the middle position ^{5}. Without this hint some lose half the value of the system by trying to estimate positions. 43^5 does not strictly mean five ninths of the way down the page, but means in the fifth of nine equal divisions of page 43. Even with inaccurate use, the eye is almost sure to include the right sentence at the first glance, but it is easier and takes less time to have the references exact by using the plan here described than to compute ^{3} as one third the way down and ^{6} as six ninths or two thirds the way down.

The use of this plan not only saves time, but often saves the reference itself. One has no clue in the ordinary reference as to whether the matter referred to is much or little, important or trifling. It may be only a single sentence barely touching a topic, or it may be the beginning of 50 pages of vital discussion. If the reference is merely to page 79, one looks, and if at the top of that page there chances to be a sentence bearing on the topic followed by apparently unrelated matter, probably the book is closed after reading the first sentence without examination of the rest of the page, while perhaps lower down begins an important discussion which was what the indexer intended. By this exact system this lower matter might be marked 79^8, and on opening the book the eye would rest instantly on the right place without the distraction and the loss of time that come from glancing up and down the page hunting for what was intended. The difference in the

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two systems is the same as that between the old library method, which merely recorded the shelf on which the book was to be found, and the new, which gives its exact position. By the old method, not only the shelf-number but the author and title of the book had to be written in each case; and the entire shelf, averaging perhaps thirty volumes, had to be examined before one was sure that the book wanted was not there. By the method now universally used by modern librarians, a simple number for each book is given, without author or title, and a glance at its exact position shows whether the book is in or not. As the book was as likely to be in the last as in the first position on the 30-volume shelf, on an average 15 places on the shelf had to be looked at to find each book. In the exact reference system, with nine positions to each page, by the same law of averages one would find the right place only after five trials. In books of two or three columns the advantages are of course two or threefold greater still. It is equally useful, of course, in manuscript work, where one often wishes to indicate sentences to be taken out, inserted, or modified without actually cutting up or interlining the copy before him.

The ordinary eye judges nearly enough; so that when reference is made from the number assigned by estimate without measuring, the paragraph wanted is sure to be seen at the first glance. A reference to 48^4 might be called 48^3 or 48^5, certainly not further than one ninth too high or too low, and the eye seeking either of three places would probably include the sentence wanted.

But for all references to be printed and used very frequently, it pays to have each absolutely accurate, for the measurement has to be made but once, while the reference may be looked up thousands of times by the many owners of the copies in the edition. For this accurate work a stiff paper or cardboard is cut the exact length of the letter-press and divided into nine equal parts by eight heavy black lines. These equal sections are numbered from ^{1} to ^{9}. By laying this scale beside the page when the references are being made, each can be given with absolute precision. Though most people find it quite needless, it is only a few minutes' work to make a duplicate of this scale for the use of a copyist or any one looking up a large number of passages. If references be made to lines, such a scale-number for each line should be used by both maker and user of the reference.

This plan is of great utility. A reference to the page alone often requires too much search, specially in larger books or finer types. There is also an attendant risk of getting the wrong paragraph, which, though bearing on the subject, may not be the one intended. To refer to the exact line requires too much labour in counting, both in making and using the reference; and guesswork in this case will not do, for the fact of giving the line implies perfect accuracy. The method described above is simple and compact.

In referring to books in more than one volume, never use Roman numbers. Give the volume number followed by a colon; then the page (preceded by "pref." for prefatory paging), then the superior figure or figures indicating the exact place—*e.g.*, $34 : 429^{13}$ is "volume thirty-four, page four hundred and twenty-nine, and in the third ninth of the first column." The seven figures are just as definite as the statement which takes seventy-nine characters, or ten times as much.

Melvil Dewey.

THE BOOK MART.

WORKS BY SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN").

Most of Mark Twain's books were published by subscription and without any date on the title-page, so that it is nearly impossible to make an accurate list of first editions without having access to the books that contain the copyright entries. In the following list, where no date is on the title-page, the date is put in brackets. His first book is the most interesting one, and the transcript of title given is verbatim.

The Canadian and English editions of several of his books, under various titles, were simply pirated reprints.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and other Sketches. By Mark Twain. Edited by John Paul. New York: C. H. Webb, Publisher, 119 and 121 Nassau St. American News Co., Agents. 1867. 16mo.

The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress. Hartford, [1869]. 8vo.

Autobiography and First Romance. New York, 1871. 16mo.

Roughing It. Hartford, [1872]. 8vo.

The Gilded Age: A Tale of To-day. By Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford, 1873. 8vo.

Lotos Leaves. By Alfred Tennyson, John Hay, Mark Twain, and others. New York, 1874. 4to.

Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Hartford, [1875]. Sq. 8vo.

Sketches New and Old. Hartford, [1875]. Sq. 8vo.

A True Story, and The Recent Carnival of Crime. Boston, [1877]. 18mo.

Punch Brothers, Punch! and Other Sketches. New York, [1878]. 18mo.

A Tramp Abroad. Hartford, 1880. 8vo.

The Prince and the Pauper. Boston, 1882. Sq. 8vo.

The Stolen White Elephant, and Other Stories. Boston, 1882. 12mo.

Life on the Mississippi. Boston, 1883. 8vo.

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. New York, 1884. Sq. 8vo.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour. New York, 1888. Sq. 8vo.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. New York, 1889. 8vo.

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Merry Tales. New York, 1892. 12mo.
The American Claimant. New York, 1892. 12mo.
The £1,000,000 Bank Note, and Other New Stories. New York, 1893. 12mo.
The Niagara Book. By W. D. Howells, S. L. Clemens, and others. Buffalo, 1893. 12mo.
Tom Sawyer Abroad. Hartford, 1894. Sq. 8vo.
The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson and the Comedy of those Extraordinary Twins. Hartford [1895]. 8vo.
Tom Sawyer Abroad, Tom Sawyer Detective, and Other Stories. New York, 1896. 12mo.
Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By The Sieur Louis de Conte. New York, 1896. 12mo.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1897.

February publications were somewhat more numerous than those of the preceding month. A rather noticeable feature was an unusually large proportion on miscellaneous subjects nearly equal to the output of fiction.

Phroso, by Anthony Hope, although delivered to the trade in the latter part of January, was not published until February 1, and therefore must be included with that month's publications, among which it has been the leading seller. Other works of interest issued during the past month included a *History of China*, by S. Wells Williams; *Louis Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand, and *The Middle Period*, by J. W. Burgess, all of which are meeting with a good reception.

Fiction has to an unusual extent claimed the attention of the reading public during the month. *Quo Vadis*, by H. K. Sienkiewicz, has increased in popularity; also *On the Face of the Waters*, by Flora A. Steel. Closely following these are *On Many Seas*, by F. H. Williams; *The House Boat on the Styx*, by John Kendrick Bangs; *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker, and *March Hares*, by Harold Frederic.

The successful dramatisation of *Under the Red Robe* has given an impetus to the sales of Stanley J. Weyman's novels, so that these books again take a place among the leaders. The publication of *Phroso* has produced a similar effect upon Anthony Hope's works, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Princess Osra* being the most called for.

There was some demand for valentines in the early part of the month, but this seems to decrease with each succeeding year. Easter publications are beginning to attract attention, but nothing of especial interest has yet been shown.

Paper-bound stock has continued to increase somewhat. *Tatterley*, by T. Gallon; *An Exile from London*, by R. H. Savage, and *A Pinchbeck Goddess*, by Mrs. J. M. Fleming, have been the leading titles of the month, and, together with *That Affair Next Door*, by Anna Katherine Green, and *Don Balasco of Key West*, by A. C. Gunter, have proved the best sellers in this class of literature.

A number of new books of particular interest are announced for early publication, notably *Farthest North*, by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen; *The Life of Horatio Viscount Nelson*, by Captain A. T. Mahan, and *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, by Olive Schreiner. These are already attracting attention, and will undoubtedly have a large sale.

The interest in outdoor subjects is increasing slowly. The ready sales of Baedeker's Guides and calls for the new editions of *Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe*, and *The Satchel Guide*, both of which will be ready shortly, and the publication of *The Story of Birds*, by J. A. Baskett, are the most prominent indications.

Recent business has only been fair; complaints of quiet times are still heard, and there is little inclination to stock new books to any extent. The relative popularity of the best selling books of the month is indicated by the following list, which, as usual, is composed largely of fiction:

Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1.75.
On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
That Affair Next Door. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.
On Many Seas. By Frederick Benton Williams. $1.50.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Under the Red Robe. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
For the White Rose of Arno. By Owen Rhoscomyl. $1.25.
The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. $2.00.
Don Balasco of Key West. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.
The House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
Lyrics of Lowly Life. By Paul Lawrence Dunbar. $1.25.
Checkers. By H. M. Blossom. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1897.

Business continues very evenly, although it is perhaps quieter than what most of the trade would wish. City business averaged well last month and country orders were fair, both as regards number and size; and the West is apparently using a great many books. Some of the new books of this year attracted a good deal of attention last month, and their influence upon the month's sales was very noticeable. The consensus of opinion among the trade here appears to be that while business has not as yet improved quite as much as was anticipated, yet the situation is fairly satisfactory when compared with other trades, and that there is very little real ground for complaint.

February was a better month than its predecessor for new books, and they make a moderately good list. Anthony Hope's *Phroso* over-

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shadowed everything else that appeared, and met with a large sale. The advance orders for it were not remarkable in any way, considering how the book had been talked about before publication, but the demand set in strongly after the work appeared, and it has kept up wonderfully well ever since.

British India, the latest addition to the popular Stories of the Nations Series, is a timely book, and the warm welcome accorded to Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* should help its sale materially. The last-named book is the most remarkable work of fiction that has appeared this year.

Works on Cuba are in request, and inquiries are constantly being made at the bookstores for 'something that will tell all about the island and the trouble there." Cuban literature is rather scanty, both in quantity and quality, being limited to a half dozen or so of books. The best from a general standpoint are, perhaps, Rowan and Ramsey's *Island of Cuba* and Murat Halstead's *Story of Cuba*.

The opening of the grand opera season in this city has given quite an impetus to the demand for books on this subject. *The Standard Operas*, by G. P. Upton, is most called for, while next in demand is Miss Guerber's *Stories of the Wagner Operas*.

The observance of St. Valentine's Day may be, as some assert, on the decline; but nevertheless it is still very popular among the young people, judging from the quantity of valentines sold in Chicago this year. The total sales fell little behind the average of the last few years.

Inquiries are coming in frequently for Dr. Nansen's book, *Farthest North*, which is to appear this month, and it is expected, from the advance interest which is being awakened, that the work will have a large sale.

Ian Maclaren and J. M. Barrie have been running a close race for popularity in the sales of their respective books since November. At present the first named is slightly in the lead with *Kate Carnegie*, but *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvy* follow closely behind. *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker, is having a very large sale, the demand being stimulated by the dramatisation of the story. *King Noanett* is also still in fair demand.

Phroso and *On the Face of the Waters* led the demand last month, and large numbers were sold. *Quo Vadis* ran ahead of its record for any month except December since it was published, and *On the Red Staircase* also beat the previous month's record. *A Singular Life* is one of the steadiest sellers that we have at present, and the same may be said of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* and *The Honourable Peter Stirling*. The following books led in point of sale last month:

Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1 75.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By Henry Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
On the Red Staircase. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2.00.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25.
Artie. By George Ade. $1.25.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, January 25 to February 20, 1897.

A fair amount of business has been transacted during the period indicated above, and, always taking the time of the year into consideration, it can be pronounced satisfactory. The usual lull following the completion of school orders has been experienced, though not so marked as is sometimes the case. Has the unfavourable weather, forbidding outdoor exercise, been in any measure the cause of this state of things?

Supplying the wants of the foreign and colonial trade has kept these departments well employed, though the business has been without any special feature.

The demand for Lenten publications does not appear to be so great as in former years. It should be mentioned that this may be owing to a late Easter, and will right itself in a week or two.

The principal books of the month have been Nansen's *Farthest North* and Marie Corelli's *Ziska*. The publisher of the latter states that 50,000 copies have been issued. With regard to Nansen, it may be stated that at the time of writing the trade had been unable to obtain sufficient copies for their orders, so great has been the demand for the work.

Books treating on South Africa, especially political South Africa, are much wanted. Noticeable among them are Selous's *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia* and the Cape *Blue Book* on the Jameson Raid. Olive Schreiner's new book, entitled *Peter Halket Trooper of Mashonaland*, appears to have begun a successful career, and the same may be said of *Briton or Boer?* by George Griffiths.

Poetry, especially new poetry, is not, as a rule, a very marketable article. Owen Seaman's little volume, entitled *The Battle of the Bays*, has, however, been selling by hundreds. The volumes of the "Library of Useful Stories" are great favourites. They seem exactly to suit the taste of the public in this busy age, that is, judging by the sales. Colonel Roberts's *Forty one Years in India* has sold freely. The issue of Dickens in one shilling volumes (including some copyright works) has been well received. He still has evidently a considerable public, notwithstanding that he is not now so widely read as formerly.

Translations of foreign novels are still in favour. Works by Jokai and Sienkiewicz may be noted in the list appended.

Among the leading magazines mention must be made of *Woman at Home*, *Chambers's Journal* (now issued with the edges cut),

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Quiver, *Sunday at Home*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Strand Magazine*, and *Pearson's Magazine*. These are followed by a host of others, in numbers surprising to all outside the trade. There are altogether something like 1000 issued monthly, and how three fourths of them exist (commercially) is a wonder indeed.

New books and new editions show no falling off in number. About 160 were issued recently in a week. With regard to publication at net prices, about one book in seven is brought out in this form.

Below is a list of the best-selling books of the moment. It is simply an index to the literary appetite of the public. It is left to the critics to apologise for it

Farthest North. By F. Nansen. 42s. net.

Forty-one Years in India. By Colonel Roberts. 36s.

Ziska. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. 6s.

Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.

A Bit of a Fool. By Sir R. Peel. 6s.

Trooper Peter Halket. By O. Schreiner. 6s.

The Idol-Maker. By A. Sergeant. 6s.

Lying Prophets. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s.

The Babe, B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.

The Mistress of Brae Farm. By R. N. Carey. 6s.

The Green Book. By M. Jokai. 6s.

The Quest of the Golden Girl. By R. le Gallienne. 5s. net.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.

An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.

Briton or Boer? By G. Griffiths. 3s. 6d.

Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.

Dickens' Works. 1s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Library of Useful Stories. 1s. each vol.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1, 1897, and March 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. True George Washington. By Ford. $2.00. (Lippincott.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

NEW YORK UPTOWN.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. $1 50. (Lane.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By Shorter. $2.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. That Next-Door Affair. By Green. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Putnam.)

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4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. On the Red Staircase. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. The Real Issue. By White. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
3. Mystic Masonry. By Buck. $1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. The Optimist. By Goss. $1.25. (The Robert Clarke Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Real Issue. By White. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
3. On the face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. A Guest at the Ludlow. (New Ed.) By Nye. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)
5. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Sprightly Romance. By Seawell. $1.25. (Scribner.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. How to Listen to Music. By Krehbiel. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. That First Affair. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
3. Two Health Seekers in Southern California. By Harraden. $1.00. (Lippincott.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. A Rebellious Heroine. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Canada. By Bourinot. $1.50. (Putnam; T. Fisher Unwin.)
2. On the face of the Waters. By Steel. $1 50. (Macmillan.)
3. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Forty-one Years in India. By Roberts. $12 00. (Longmans.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes).
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Spoils of Poynton. By James. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Greek Art on Greek Soil. By Hoppin. $2.00. (Houghton.)

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Artie. By Aide. $1.25. (Stone.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Real Issue. By White. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)

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2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Flower that Grew in Sand. By Higginson. $1.25. (Calvert Co.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Colonlal Tavern. By Field. $2.00. (Preston & Rounds Co.)
3. Sonny. By Stuart. $1.00. (Century.)
4. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Tatterly. By Gallon. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Phroso. Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Beginners of a Nation. By Eggleston. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. Putnam.
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone & (Kimball.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Phroso. By Hope. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Christian Vellacott. By Merriman. 50 cts. and $1.00. (Amer. Pub. Co.)
3. Rodney Stone.* By Doyle. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Bell & Son.)
4. Sign of the Cross.* By Barrett. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Methuen.)
5. Seven Seas.* By Kipling. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Methuen & Co.)
6. The Sowers.* By Merriman. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Macmillan.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.00. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
2. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Smith. $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. Story of Canada. By De Bourinot. $1.50. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. Paper. 75 cts.; cloth, $1.50. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. Colonial Edition.
6. The Book of the Native. By Roberts. $1.00. (The Copp-Clark Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

* Colonial Libraries.

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